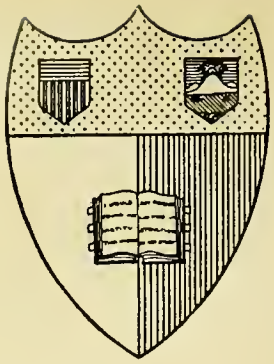

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THE

YOUNG LADIES' RETICULE;

OR,

GEMS BY THE WAY-SIDE.

AN OFFERING OF

PURITY AND TRUTH.

BY

MRS. L. G. ABELL.

BOSTON:
HIGGINS, BRADLEY & DAYTON,
20 WASHINGTON STREET.
1857.

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Preface.

Purity and Truth! These are the brightest gems that are found on earth, and no home can be made happy unless these brilliants sparkle around it. In preparing these pages, the author has collected together the true, the remarkable, the beautiful in character and mind, with many a useful hint and gem of thought, which is offered to the public as a safe, useful, and pleasing book for the fireside. A belief that the time has fully come, when the heart demands something higher, better, and more enduring than the mere shadowy works of fiction, has prompted her to go joyfully forward in her labors; and if it meet a responsive feeling, cheering the life, elevating the character, and gladdening the home, she will have her reward.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE DYING MOTHER.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

'Now for the last sad look,
The last, faint, cold embrace;
The latest kiss my love may print
Upon her cherub face.

"Here—lay her on my breast;
I well may bear the pain,
Since never will this heart beat warm
Beneath her weight again.

"She smiles—alas, *that* smile!
Her eyes with joy grow bright—
So blest to be with me once more
She shouts with wild delight.

"How warm upon my cheek
Her dimpled fingers press—
How much of thrilling life there is
Even in each silken tress.

"See with what earnest love
Her eyes are fixed on mine—
And yet a strange, mysterious awe
Seems in their depths to shine.

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"Thus once—Oh chide me not,
Or this poor heart will break;
My pride—my loveliest! may my God
Bless thee, for Jesus' sake.

"May He, who loved to fold
Fair childhood in His arms,
Beneath His wings of holiest love
Bless thy unvailing charms!

"And when Death's angel comes
Thy spirit to dismiss!
Oh, may the Saviour's voice of love
Whisper that thou art His.

"One kiss—my form grows chill—
My hands relax their hold,
And she—she shudders at the touch
Of lips so icy cold!

"Aye—bear her from my sight—
The bitterness is past—
But yet one charge my spirit leaves,
A dying one—the *last!*

"Oh bid her love my name,
And make all times and hours
Sweet teachers of her mother's love,
And its immortal powers!

"When to the morning's light
Her soft blue eyes unclose,
Tell her, her mother hovered near
To watch her sweet repose.

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"And when the stars look down,
And silence walks abroad—
Tell her, at such a tranquil hour
My spirit sought its God.

"I come—sweet voices call—
Strange glory round me gleams!
Jesus! and angels—life farewell—
I *waken* from thy dreams."

DAUGHTER OF EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

DR. BAIRD has given a very graphic and interesting description of an imperial wedding where he himself was an invited guest. The parties were the Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, and the Crown Prince of Wurtemberg.

After speaking of the gorgeousness of the imposing ceremonies—the palace—the chapel—the royal family—their names and titles, and order of being placed, etc., he says, "The Grand Duchess and the Prince of Wurtemberg standing on the platform, occupied a conspicuous station, and went through their portion of the ceremony in an admirable manner. The prince was dressed in the uniform of a Wurtemberg officer of the highest rank. He is a fine looking young man of twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, well formed, of proper height, possesses a very pleasing countenance, unblem-

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ished morals, and fine talents. The grand duchess is twenty-four, and is older than her husband by some six months. She is a beautiful woman. She is even called the most beautiful woman in Europe. It would be difficult to conceive of one that could possess more charms of person, and those of her mind and heart are said by those who know her well not to be inferior to those of her person. She is rather above the medium height of ladies, has bright blue eyes, a fair blonde complexion, and auburn hair. Her dress was magnificent, as may be supposed. In the first place, she wore a white or rather fawn-colored silk dress, with large sleeves adorned, as well as the skirt, with flowers of silver. A red velvet ribbon two inches wide, passed from one shoulder over and beneath her bosom, round to the other side, from which hung numerous diamonds as pendants. A necklace of the richest and most splendid kind, all sparkling with precious stones, adorned, with many a fold, her neck and bosom; while two tresses of her hair fell on her fair shoulders behind, and two more descended before. A coronet, studded with precious stones, rested on her head, while a train of mantilla, if such it may be termed, made of the richest purple velvet, and lined and bordered with the most beautiful ermine, some ten or twelve feet long, and six feet wide, attached to the dress below her shoulders, descended behind, and was borne by five great officers of state. When she ascended the platform, and throughout the ceremony, she was rather paler than usual, but seemed to be self-possessed. The graceful manner in which she stood, and the

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great beauty and loveliness which beamed from her countenance *charmed every one.*

"The marriage ceremony was very long, and consisted of reading portions of the Gospels and Epistles, the chanting of prayers and hymns, and never have I heard such singing or chanting as from that choir, which consisted of from sixty to eighty boys and men." He speaks more particularly of the ceremonies, and then remarks that "the empress, who is a most affectionate mother, seemed scarcely to take her eyes off her, and it was manifest that her maternal affections were deeply interested in the touching scenes before her.

"There was one part of the ceremony which was very striking, and which I have never seen in any, excepting that of the Greek Church. It is this: the officiating priest placed in the hands of the prince a cup filled with wine, into which some bitter drugs had been infused, of which he drank, and then gave to the princess. She drank of it and then returned the cup to him. This was done three times. It signifies that those who enter the married state must expect sorrow as well as joy, and that they must seek support under the former from God alone.

At one point of the ceremony all kneeled down, and remained in that position some time, while the priest offered up a prayer over the heads of the couple whom he was marrying. It was an impulsive and affecting moment.

At the close of the marriage ceremony, properly so

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called, the bride and bridegroom moved from the estrade toward the emperor and empress. And it was delightful to see with what an affectionate embrace they were both received by the parents, as well as by the other members of the imperial family, to whom they advanced in the order in which these persons stood.

When this was done, the metropolitan and other great dignitaries of the Greek Church came forward on the estrade and there took their stand. Then commenced the chanting of the Te Deum, and certainly I have never heard any thing like it, although I have heard it chanted by many celebrated choirs.

At the close of the service, the most distinguished of the clergy came forward and expressed their felicitations and congratulations to the newly-married pair, as well as to the emperor and empress, and other members of the imperial family. This was done in Russian style, in which there was a mutual kissing of hands.

This being over, the imperial family retired *first* from the chapel, followed by all the rest of the company. The marriage ceremony, according to the *Protestant* manner, took place immediately after, in one of the large rooms of the *palace.*

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PRESERVATION OF THE DEAD.

When the coffin containing the body of Burns was opened in 1815, there lay the remains of the great poet, to appearances nearly entire and retaining various traces of vitality, or rather exhibiting the features of one who had recently sunk into the sleep of death—the lordly forehead arched and high, the teeth firm and white. The scene was so imposing that the workmen stood bare and uncovered, as did Dr. Gregory at the exhumation of Bannockburn, and at the same time felt their frames thrilling with some indefinable emotion as they gazed on the ashes of him whose fame is as wide as the world itself. But the effect was momentary; for when they proceeded to insert a case below the coffin, the head separated from the trunk, and the whole body, except the bones, crumbled into dust.

Lord Nugent, on opening the coffin of John Hampden, found it perfect, after a burial of 200 years; even his features were preserved.

When the body of General Wayne, which had been buried in Erie, Pa., forty years, was disinterred, the corpse had undergone so little change, that it was easily recognized by those who knew him. Its perfect preservation was attributed to the character of the soil—which was argillaceous earth strongly impregnated with alumine. Washington, too, when his tomb was opened in 1837, looked perfectly natural at first. His noble

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brow, and those features we have learned to venerate, were almost like life; but it was only for a moment; the action of the air, etc., soon crumbled them to dust. Napoleon, when his body was exhumed a short time after, "lay like a warrior taking his rest," and his friends wept to see him—Napoleon still, in form and feature, notwithstanding he had been buried at least twenty years.

A VISIT TO MRS. HEMANS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEN AND INK SKETCHES."

At this time Mrs. Hemans was separated from her husband, and resided at Wavertree, to which place she confined herself, in order that her sons might receive the benefits of tuition in a neighboring city. A more unsuitable locality for one of her temperament could hardly be conceived, for there was nothing of beauty in the neighborhood to recommend it; and to one brought up among the wild scenery of Wales, it must, at times, have been dreary indeed. The separation, too, from the father of her children, must have preyed deeply on her spirit; but she seldom alluded to this subject, although great curiosity was excited to know the cause. Captain Hemans lived in Rome, and still corresponded with his wife concerning the education of their children. His habits and tastes were en-

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tirely different from those of his wife, and a separation, though not a legal one, was agreed upon; and such subjects should be among those with which a stranger "intermeddles not."

It was about four in the afternoon when the Waver-tree stage set me down at about one hundred yards from my destination. The house in which the poetess resided was one of a row, or terrace, as it was called, situated on the high-road, by which it was separated only by a footway and a little flower-garden, surrounded by a white thorn hedge. I noticed that of all the houses on each side of it, hers was the only one adorned with flowers; the rest had either grass lawns, or a plain gravel surface; some of them even grew cabbage and French beans!

My knock at the door was answered by a servant-girl, by whom I was shown into a small parlor, where I remained while my letter and card were taken to the lady of the house. It was a small apartment, but every thing about it indicated that it was the home of genius and taste. Over the mantle-shelf hung a fine engraving of William Roscoe, author of the "Lives of De Medici," with a presentation line or two in his own handwriting. The walls were decorated with prints and pictures, and on the mantle vere some models in *terra cotta*, or Italian groups. On the table lay casts, medallions, and a portfolio of choice prints and water-color engravings; but I was too much excited to attend to such matters, and so I sat down, anxiously awaiting the entrance of the poetess. Never before or

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since have I felt in such a flutter of excitement. For years and years I had read her poetry, and imagined all sorts of things about the authoress. I had been told that she was beautiful, and readily believed it; but I anticipated a disappointment in this respect; in fact, I can hardly tell how I felt when I heard the rustling of silk, and saw a lady enter the room.

Well, *I am* disappointed, was the rapid thought which passed through my brain. The lady was interesting-looking enough, but bore no resemblance whatever to the engraved portraits of Mrs. Hemans. She was younger, too, than I had imagined Mrs. Hemans to have been. And, to put the reader out of suspense, it was not the Poetess of the Affections, but her close and attached friend, Miss Jewsbury, who had been deputed by Mrs. Hemans to make excuses for a few moments' delay in receiving me. Miss Jewsbury was one of the most frank, open-hearted creatures possible. She gracefully apologized for acting as Mrs. Hemans's *locum tenens*, and made me feel quite at my ease. I did not know then who the lady was; but being aware that Mrs. Hemans had a sister, who frequently set her songs to music, I imagined that my fair companion must be her. I was not undeceived until after Mrs. Hemans made her appearance.

It was not long before the poetess entered the room. She held out her hand, and welcomed me in the kindest manner, and then sat down opposite me; but before doing so, introduced Miss Jewsbury.

I can not well conceive of a more exquisitely beautiful

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creature than Mrs. Hemans was. None of the portraits or busts I have ever seen of her do her justice; nor is it possible for words to convey to the reader any idea of the matchless yet serene beauty of her expression. Her glossy, waving hair was parted on her forehead, and terminated on the sides in rich, luxuriant auburn curls; there was a dove-like look in her eyes, and yet there was a chastened look in their expression. Her complexion was remarkably clear, and her high forehead was as pure and spotless as Parian marble; a calm repose, not unmingled with melancholy, was the characteristic expression of the face; but when she smiled, all traces of sorrow were lost, and she seemed to be but a "little lower than the angels," fitting shrine for so pure a mind. Let me not be deemed a flatterer or an enthusiast in thus describing her, for I am only one of many who have been almost as much captivated with her personal beauty, as charmed with the sweetness and holiness of her productions. If ever poesies were the reflex of the beauties, personal and mental, of their writers, they were indeed so in the case of Mrs. Hemans.

We talked, of course, much of poetry and poets, and she asked me if I had seen Wordsworth. On my replying that I had not, she said, "You will be almost as much delighted with the man as with his words: He is delightful. I once saw him at St. Asaph's, and he spent half a day with me reciting his own poetry."

We talked of "L. E. L." Mrs. Hemans said she had received several letters from her, containing press-

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ing invitations to visit London. "A place I never was in, and never wish to be," she observed. "My heart beats too loudly even in this quiet place, and there I think it would burst. The great Babel was not made for such as me."

She was very much pleased with an anecdote which I told, with which one of her poems had something to do. It was this. Near the city of Bath, is a secluded little church-yard, in which, among other monuments, is one of pure white marble, on which is engraven the name of a nobleman's daughter, and her age, seventeen. In addition to this was the following stanza from Mrs. Hemans's poem, "Bring Flowers:"

> "Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed
> A crown for the brow of the early dead;
> For this, from its bud hath the white rose burst,
> For this, in the woods was the violet nurst:
> They have a voice for what once was ours,
> And are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers."

The space around the grave was filled with white flowers, of all descriptions, planted for the most part by strangers' hands. No one ever removed a blossom from the grave; and there they flourished, as if in obedience to the mandate of the poetess. It was one of the most grateful tributes ever paid to genius.

"Come, I will show you my poetic mint," she said, and led the way to the room over which we were sitting. It was a very small place, but neat, almost to a fault. There were no author-litterings, but every thing

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was in order. An open letter lay on the table; she pointed to it and said, laughingly, "An application for my autograph, and the postage unpaid. You can not imagine how I am annoyed with albums and such matters. A person who ought to have known better, sent me an album lately and begged a piece from me, if it was only long enough to fill up a page of sky-blue tinted paper, which he had selected for me to write upon."

In incidentally referring to her compositions she said, "They often remain chiming in my mind for days before I commit them to paper. And sometimes I forget many, which I compose while I lay awake in bed. Composition is less a labor with me than the act of writing what has impressed me, except blank verse, which involves something like labor. My thoughts are so used to go in the harness of rhyme, that when they are suffered to run without it, they are often diffused, or I lose sight in the order of composition of the leading idea altogether."

Mrs. Hemans's voice was peculiarly musical, and I would have given any thing to have heard her recite her own poetry; but I did not dare to hazard such a request; and feeling that I had intruded quite long enough on her time, I intimated my intention of taking my departure, when she begged me to partake of some refreshments, with such an evident wish that I should do so, that I could not decline the invitation.

I must not omit to mention that Mrs. Hemans's dress was fair enough. She wore a white gown, over which

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was thrown a black lace shawl. On her head was a cap of very open net-work, without flowers or ornament of any kind. It has been said that Mrs. Hemans, at one period of her life, was invited to take up her residence in Boston, to conduct a periodical work. Perhaps it was well that she did not accept the offer, for this uncertain climate would in all probability have put a still earlier stop to her career, and deprived the world of many of her sweetest productions. As is the case with those who write day after day for the bread that perisheth, she endured rather than enjoyed life. A heart disease wore away her frame, which became at the last almost etherialized; and at the early age of forty-one, on the eve of the Sabbath of eternal rest, she departed, "earth having scarcely profaned what was born for the skies."

DR. JOHNSON'S RESIDENCE.

A FEW steps through circuitous alleys brings you to an old stone archway, twenty feet in length, which you enter and emerge into a small, neat square surrounded with modern buildings. Cross at an angle to the opposite side, and your eye will strike a two-story house, comely in appearance, with window tablets, tiled roof, and half a dozen whitened stone steps, leading to the front entrance. The building is not what

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would be called an ancient one in the metropolis, but bearing in its external appearance the age of, perhaps, a century. An old-fashioned knocker is on the arching door, a manor's court leads to the right, a rough iron fence on the left, and it has a steep, hollowing roof pointing to the pavement. Here lived the colossus of English literature ten of the most eventful years of his life.

In this residence, besides his dictionary, Johnson wrote his Rasselas, his translations of Lobo's voyage, his reviews in the Literary Magazine, his Rambler, his Idler, etc. Here it may be said, perhaps, that he experienced the height of his opulence, and the depth of his poverty, for here he received by contract fifteen hundred guineas for his Lexicon, and here he was arrested for five pounds eighteen, and had not the means to pay it.

His popularity here was at its height, and his house was filled with a succession of visitors, among whom were Garrick, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Boswell, Hawkins, and Burke; and while living in this house he established his club in Ivy Lane.

On the opposite side of the square will be observed a passage bearing the name of Johnson's Court, and a few steps will bring you to the house remodeled, where Johnson edited his Shakspeare, and where he lived when he established his club in Gerard Street, with Goldsmith and Sir Joshua Reynolds as members, and where he received the degree of Doctor of Laws. Here he lived again in a state of affluence, enjoying a

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pension of three hundred pounds from the crown, though his house did not rank above second or third-rate in style.

A few rods from here, on another street, after he had written his last book—"Lives of the Poets"—lived this great man, and is the place where he died.

NOAH WEBSTER.

DR. WEBSTER has been a prominent individual in this country for many years, and very justly celebrated in the various departments of life. He was born in West Hartford, Conn., October 16th, 1758. He was a descendant of John Webster, one of the first settlers of Hartford, who was a member of the Colonial Council from its first formation, and subsequently Governor of Connecticut.

Noah Webster entered Yale College in 1774. In his junior year, in the time of Burgoyne's expedition from Canada, he volunteered his services under the command of his father, who was captain in the *alarm list.* In that campaign all the males of the family, four in number, were in the army at the same time. Notwithstanding this interruption in his studies, Mr. Webster graduated with high reputation in 1778. During the summer of 1779 he resided in the family of Mr. Ellsworth, afterward chief justice, at Hartford. He was admitted to the bar in 1781. Subsequently

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he engaged in the business of instruction, and being strongly impressed with the defects of such books as were then used in elementary schools, published in 1783, at Hartford, his "*First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Grammar.*" The great success of this work, and of others of the same class prepared by him, is well known. Mr. Webster early became a political writer. His first publication of this character was at Hartford, in 1783, when the state was agitated on the subject of half-pay for life to the Revolutionary army. For a series of papers in the Connecticut Courant, under the signature of *Honorius*, he received the thanks of Gov. Trumbull in person, and was highly complimented by other gentlemen of distinction. At various other periods of public excitement and difficulty, the aid of his pen was solicited by those who were best acquainted with his full and correct information on questions of public interest, and his ability to explain and defend his own views.

His "Sketches of American Policy," published in 1784, his writings in favor of adopting the Federal Constitution, in defense of Washington's proclamation of neutrality, and of the treaty negotiated with Great Britain by Mr. Jay, had great influence on public opinion, and were highly appreciated. Various other topics during the same period were publicly discussed by him. In 1793 he commenced a daily paper in New York, which is now called the "*Commercial Advertiser and New York Spectator.*"

Mr. Webster removed to New Haven in 1798, and

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in 1807 entered on the great business of his life—the compiling of a new and complete Dictionary of the English Language. This work he prosecuted amid various difficulties and discouragements, and published the first edition of it in 1828. In the preparation of this dictionary he was led to investigate to a great extent the subject of etymology and the relation of various languages to each other. This dictionary has been more favorably received than, as is believed, the author ever anticipated. His other publications are too numerous to be mentioned here. Dr. Webster formed no opinion without investigation, and such opinion on any subject as appeared to him after full consideration to be correct, he never feared to express. He strongly loved his country, and was a patriot of the Washington school. He lived and died in the faith of the Gospel. For the last forty years of his life, though he had been long before a diligent student, he devoted his time to literary pursuits with an ardor rarely seen in any country, and especially in this. His study was his home, his books and pen his constant companions, and his knowledge to the last was continually on the increase.

Dr. Webster had enjoyed remarkably vigorous health until within a few days of his death, when he was attacked with pleurisy, under which he sank, and, in the full possession of his reason, he died with entire composure and resignation.

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DEATH OF MRS. DAVIDSON.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, June 28, 1844.

I HAVE just returned from a funeral—that of Mrs. Davidson, wife of Dr. Oliver Davidson, of this place, and sister of the late Morris S. Miller, of Utica, N. Y. This honored mother has followed her gifted daughter, and again resumed the companionship, so intimate and delightful, which was begun on earth.

Mrs. Davidson was born 1787, I think in the southern part of New York, and though her path has been in the quiet of domestic life, intermixed with few of those great events of general interest which reflect a kind of luster on some characters, upon few has shone an effulgence more brilliant and glowing, though soft and gentle, than upon her whose death it now becomes our melancholy duty to announce.

With a physical temperament in the highest degree excitable, every nerve from earliest infancy strung to the highest pitch, susceptible beyond expression, and frail to a degree scarcely conceivable, she had also a power of endurance, an energy and resolution which the "strong man" might envy.

The cast of Mrs. Davidson's mind was decidedly poetical, and her love for the beautiful and the chaste discovered itself in all those little everyday affairs, which in truth make up life. With a rich, glowing

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imagination, it was seldom that a circumstance could become of interest to her, without being tinted with its rays. Hence it was that her descriptions were so full and glowing, and her conversation in general was so rich and attractive; and hence it was that she was able to maintain so completely the interest of the young about her. To this may it in part be ascribed that her Lucretia and Margarette lisped in verse, and her Levi, on the banks of Lake Champlain, with his miniature equipment of sword, epaulette, and gun, declared that he would live and die a soldier—a juvenile aspiration, which, as most readers well know, his very short but brilliant career abundantly verified.

Mrs. Davidson was married young; and perhaps the only part of her life that might be called eventful was what, in the work entitled "Selections," recently published by her, she has portrayed as "Events of a Few Eventful Days in 1814"—and in this narrative the reader will doubtless recognize in Dr. and Mrs. Stanley, Anna, Louisa, and Charley, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson, and the older children. This, however, was but a glimpse of her sufferings; her life, as she herself says, was the "path of anguish," though upon that path shone so much radiance.

After the family removed from Plattsburg, they resided for some time in the neighborhood of the city of New York; and thence removed to Ballston, and afterward to Saratoga, where they have since remained. But, as she often said, "in each place of my sojourn it seems to me that I have left some of my treasures."

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On the lake, several infant children died, and there Lucretia was buried. At a place of casual sojourn, a very promising and lovely boy—who has become known to the reading world by the allusion of his sister's, "little Kent"—was entombed; and at Saratoga, *Margarette* and the *young soldier* lay down to die. And here, how must that bereft and sorrowing husband and father mourn her who in times of sorrow could with him look upward and adore. Now must he kiss the rod, and bow to Him who hath appointed it. In the following spirited lines, which I quote from one of her own little poems:

"But what shall I say? shall I sing of the mind
That within that fair, perishing form is enshrined?
Its virtues are lasting, they never decay,
But grow brighter and brighter as time wears away.

"'Tis that spirit divine which to mortals is given,
Oh, 'tis surely a bright emanation from Heaven;
The light grows more brilliant with nature's decay,
And it beams through eternity's long, endless day."

And oh, how true this proved of her who breathed these lines. During her whole invalid life, that mind has surmounted pain and suffering; it could not be pressed down with its weight of woe, and at every mitigation of disease would be still as much alive as ever to the charms of the beautiful, to the excellences of the good; and, in her last most painful, wasting illness, when there was scarce a moment of alleviation, still the predominance of that mind was perceptible in all, even

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to the last, the very last hour, not to say moment, of her earthly life.

But to those who look beyond the present, beyond the intellectual, it will be a source of exquisite pleasure to know, that the faith which sustained her in her bitterest sorrows, assuaged her griefs, gave a relish to her dearest joys, carried her through her last conflict, was the same which sustained a sinking Peter, and gave force and successful energy to the Apostle of the Gentiles. It was faith in CHRIST JESUS, as the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world. In Him she rejoiced in life, trusted while walking through deep waters; on Him she stayed her brightest hopes, and *rested* and *rejoiced* in the hour of nature's agony.

It is an interesting fact, and perhaps may be new to most of our readers, that a translation of Margarette's Memoirs into German has recently come out, from the pen of Miss Foster, of Dresden. The volume itself, with the following beautiful tribute to both mother and daughter, reached Mrs. Davidson upon her dying bed, when she was too ill to acknowledge the compliment, and could only listen to its delicate and tender sentiments. By permission, a few extracts are subjoined.

"DRESDEN, *March* 26, 1844.

"MY DEAR MADAME: Though she who dares to intrude upon you is unknown to you, you are no stranger to her; you are one of whom she thinks so often, whose short happiness and whose long suffering so often wholly absorb her mind, that she fancies herself to be

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near you, to press the hands which have closed the eyes of sweet Margarette, and be led by you to her grave, which she would regard like that of a dear, dear friend. Oh, I feel how presumptuous it is when I say 'my friend,' of one who was so heavenly, so pure, so quite of another world than I. But when I read, when I translated your Margarette's biography, my imagination created me such a lively image of her that I often thought to have her at my side, that I spoke with her, and lost myself for moments so wholly in that poetical, angel-like being, as to forget almost my own self; and even now, when this, my own self, feels barren and cold, or chained to earth, and so over-coated with worldly clay that the light of heaven can not pierce through, the thought of your Margarette—who, with her first step on earth, was already beginning her flight to heaven—is for me one of those thoughts which loosen the chains, melt the hard crust, and give wings to all feelings.

"I can not tell you, dearest Madame, what an impression the reading of this life, which two years ago was sent me by a dear friend (Miss ——, of B——), made upon me. I could not but translate it, for I wished to be as long and as often as possible in this angel's society; so I translated first only on my own account; but afterward, the ardent desire of making this beloved Margarette known and loved by other hearts, made me publish the little work. But oh, how much do I feel that I could give but a feeble reflection of what she told, though in writing. I made all her feelings my

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own, which they really often were. I often thought that I profaned the effusions of the purest soul, by pronouncing them once more in another language; yet I did my utmost not to touch too grossly the ethereal tissue of those verses, and to render as truly as I was able, the prevailing spirit of them, so that they might present to the reader the same charming image of her who wrote them, as they had done to me. And I am happy that in this, at least, I succeeded, for I hear from many parts, and read in many literary papers, that the image of your Margarette fills many hearts; that the few poems I translated cause many complaints of the premature death of this richly-gifted, poetical being; and that for her sister Lucretia, also, the attention of the public is lively awakened.

"I thought it a happy accident, almost sanctioning my little work, that without having purposed it, I ended it to-day a year, on the birthday of your Margarette. I need not assure you that to-day also my thoughts are with you and with her; and I solemnize this day, which I shall ever remember, by writing to you, and wishing you joy of the gift of God bestowed upon you, even now, when He has taken it away; for the happiness of having possessed such a child, must even outweigh the pain of being bereft of it. Oh, I know that you can not be unhappy; I know that those we loved once are never far from us. I also know that a grief like yours has its own sweetness; that it approaches us to God; that by having our best part in heaven we are, even here, connected with it by a strong tie.

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"You must excuse my poor English; I did not write in German, being ignorant if you understood my tongue. I hope, however, this is the case, that you might see how, even in this other language, and written by a very weak hand, the quintessence of your Margarette's words could not be lost; so I took the liberty of sending you the little volume, and hope you will kindly excuse the boldness, and that of my writing to you.

"With the utmost respect, yours,

"MARIE FORSTER.

"MRS. M. M. DAVIDSON."

How touching and sad the tribute to the memory of Margarette from Germany, reaching poor Mrs. Davidson, as it did, after every hope of life had departed, and while enduring the tortures of the cruel disease of which she died! when her ear was so nearly deaf to earthly fame and the incense of human praise!

She retained her reason until the last moment, and even gave the most minute directions in regard to the last melancholy observances. During intervals of mitigated suffering, she arranged all her papers, and gave directions concerning her own and her children's literary remains. What a joyful meeting between that mother and daughters, so closely united on earth, in taste, sympathy, and affection! After having contemplated her intense bodily sufferings for the last few days,

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it is refreshing to the spirit to believe them ended so gloriously. A. E. W.

And now, that gentle mother too has gone;
Each trembling, fearful, anxious moment o'er,
Her angel daughters, in a higher song,
Have welcomed her where death can come no more!

THE WISE CHOICE.

The following interesting anecdote of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, of London, was related by himself at the close of a lecture:

"I well remember when I was very young, possessing for the first time a guinea. I remember, too, that this little circumstance cost me no little perplexity and anxiety to decide what to do with it. At length my attention was arrested by a book auction. I stepped in and looked about me. First one lot was put up, and then another, and sold to the highest bidder. At last I ventured to the table just as the auctioneer was putting up the 'History of the World,' in two large folio volumes. The biddings proceeded, and at last I ventured to bid too. 'Hallo, my little man!' said the auctioneer, 'what, not content with less than the world!' This remark greatly confused me, and drew the attention of the whole company toward me, who, seeing me anxious to possess the books, refrained from bidding against me, and so 'The World' was knocked down to me at a very moderate price.

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"How to get these huge books home was the next consideration. The auctioneer offered to send them; but not knowing what sort of creatures auctioneers were, I determined to take them myself; so, after the assistant had tied them up, I marched out of the room with these huge books upon my shoulder, like Sampson with the gates of Gaza, amid the smiles of all present. When I reached my home, after the servant had opened the door, the first person I met was my now sainted mother. 'My dear boy,' said she, 'what have you got there? I thought you would not keep your guinea long.' 'Do not be angry, mother,' said I, throwing them down on the table, 'I have bought the "World" for nine shillings.' This was on Saturday, and I was till well-nigh midnight turning over the 'History of the World.' These books became my delight, and were carefully read through and through. As I grew older I at length became a Christian and a Christian minister. To the possession of these books I attribute in a great measure any honors in connection with literature that have been added to my name.

"I have related this anecdote to encourage in young persons that love of literature which has afforded me such unspeakable pleasures—pleasures which I would not have been without for all the riches of the Indies."

One Fault.—Turn not away from thy friend for one fault, for who does not sometimes err in judgment, so as to have the appearance of wrong?

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THERE IS A GOD.

All nature declares it in language too plain to be misapprehended. The great truth is too legibly written over the face of the whole creation to be easily mistaken. Thou canst behold it in the tender blade just starting from the earth in early spring, or in the sturdy oak that has withstood the blast of fourscore winters. The purling rivulet, meandering through downy meads and verdant glens, and Niagara's tremendous torrent, leaping over its awful chasm, and rolling in majesty its broad sheet of waters onward to the ocean, unite in proclaiming "there is a God." 'Tis heard in the whispering breeze and in the howling storm; in the deep-toned thunder and in the earthquake's shock; 'tis declared to us when the tempest lowers, when the hurricane sweeps over the land, when the winds moan around our dwellings and die in sullen murmurs on the plain, and when the heavens, overcast with blackness, ever and anon are illumined with the lightning's lurid glare. Nor is the truth less solemnly impressed on our minds in the universal hush and calm repose of nature, when all is still as the soft breathings of an infant's slumber. The vast ocean, when its broad expanse is whitened into foam, and when its heaving waves roll mountain on mountain high, or when the dark blue of heaven's vault is reflected with beauty on its smooth and tranquil bosom, confirms the declaration. Man, so fearfully and won-

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derfully made—each joint in its corresponding socket—each muscle, tendon, and artery performing their allotted functions with all the precision of the most perfect mechanism—and surpassing all, is possessed of a soul capable of enjoying the most exquisite pleasure, or of enduring the most excruciating pain—that is endowed with immortal capacities, and is destined to live onward through the endless ages of eternity; these all unite in one general proclamation of the eternal truth: there is a Being infinite in wisdom, who reigns over all, undivided and supreme—filling all space—incomprehensible in essence—ineffable in glory—fountain of all life—source of all light—from whom all blessings flow, and in whom all happiness centers. M. H B.

CHILDREN.

BY H. BEECHER STOWE.

Go to the jail, to the penitentiary, and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal, and hardened. Then look at your infant son. Such as he is to you, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was soft and delicate, that rough voice was tender and lisping, fond eyes followed him as he played, and he was rocked and cradled as something holy. There was a time when his heart, soft and unworn, might have opened to questionings of God and Jesus, and been sealed with the seal of heaven. But harsh hands seized it, fierce goblin lineaments were impressed upon it, and all is over with him forever!

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So, of the tender, weeping child, is made the heartless man; of the all-believing child, the sneering skeptic; of the beautiful and modest, the shameless and abandoned; and this is what the world does for the little one.

There was a time when the *Divine One* stood on earth, and little children sought to draw near to Him. But harsh human beings stood between Him and them, forbidding their approach. Ah! has it not been always so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsubdued feelings, our worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims, stand like a dark screen between our little child and its Saviour, and keep from the choice bud of our hearts the *sweet* radiance that might unfold it for paradise. "Suffer little children to come unto *Me*, and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Son of God, but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When the disciples of old would question their Lord of the higher mysteries of the kingdom, He took a little child, and set him in the midst, as a sign of him who should be greatest in heaven. That gentle teacher remains still to us. By every hearth and fireside, Jesus still *sets the little child in the midst of us.*

Wouldst thou know, Oh parent, what is that *faith* which unlocks heaven? Go not to wrangling polemics or creeds and forms of theology, but draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear, *trusting* eye the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done! Blessed shalt thou be indeed *when a little child shall lead thee.*

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WORDSWORTH.

"THE Poet that is to live," and whose lyre breathes the music of a gentle, a heavenly spirit, had his home at "Rydale Mount," England.* Mrs. Sigourney visited him on her late tour to that country, and Mrs. Hemans thus describes him during her stay in his interesting family:

"My nervous fear at the idea of presenting myself to Mr. Wordsworth grew upon me so rapidly, that it was more than seven o'clock before I took courage to leave the inn at Ambleside. I had indeed little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy, and a most benignant old gentleman greeted me in the porch. This was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure that little trait will give you an idea of considerate

* The venerable man and venerated poet took his departure from the world his verse has blessed, on the twenty-third day of April, 1850, having completed his eightieth year on the seventh of the same month. The coincidence will long be enrolled among the annals of literature, that his death took place on the same day and month as that of Shakspeare, who died on the same day, month, and in the same year as Cervantes. Memorable twenty-third of April! Fourscore years of living good enabled Wordsworth to live down the criticisms cast upon the earlier days of his fame, and he gathered in this life a foretaste of that immortality of fame that is assuredly to be his meed. Whatever shows him to us as he appeared living now possesses that interest which always attaches to the departed great.

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kindness which you will both like and appreciate. There is almost a patriarchal simplicity about him—an absence of all pretension—all is free, unstudied, in his manner and conversation. There is more of impulse about him than I had expected, but in other respects I see much that I should have looked for in the poet of meditative life; frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. I have passed a delightful morning to-day in walking with him about his own richly shaded grounds, and hearing him speak of the old English writers, particularly Spenser, whom he loves, as he himself expresses it, for his earnestness and devotedness."

She thus describes the home scenery: "The steps up the front lead to a little grassy mound, commanding a view always so rich, and sometimes so brightly solemn, that one can well imagine its influence, traceable in many of the poet's writings. On this mound he frequently sits all evening, and sometimes seems borne away in thought.

"I seem to be writing to you almost from the spirit land; all here is so brightly still, so remote from every-day cares and tumults, that sometimes I can hardly persuade myself I am not dreaming. It scarcely seems to be 'the light of common day' that is clothing the woody mountains before me; there is something almost visionary in its soft gleams and ever-changing shadows. I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth, whose kindness to me has quite a soothing influence over my spirits. His reading is very peculiar, but to my ear, delightful;

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slow, solemn, earnest in expression, more than I have ever heard; when he reads or recites in the open air, his deep, rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit voice, and belong to the religion of the place; they harmonize so fitly with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls. It is delightful to see a life in such perfect harmony with all that his writings express.

'True to the kindred points of heaven and home?'

"Speaking of the remark of Moore, with regard to the unfitness of genius for domestic happiness, to Mr. Wordsworth, I was pleased with his remark: 'It is not because they possess genius that they make unhappy homes, but because they do not possess genius enough; a higher order of mind would enable them to see and feel all the beauty of domestic ties." His mind may well indeed inhabit an untroubled atmosphere; for as he himself declares, no wounded affections, no imbittered feelings have ever been his lot; the current of his domestic life has flowed on, bright and pure, and unbroken. Hence I think much of the high sculpture-like repose which invests both his character and writings with so tranquil a dignity."

A Thought for Youth.—If there is a lovely object upon earth on which the angels gaze with delight, it is a virtuous youth, strong in his integrity, unyielding to the allurements of temptation, pursuing his steadfast and onward course to eminence in *goodness* and *moral greatness.*

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THE MISSING SHIP.

The following beautiful poem, describing the loss of the steamship President, was recited by Mrs. Mowatt, to an admiring audience, on the occasion of her benefit at the Park Theatre, September, 1846 :

God speed the noble President!
A gallant boat is she
As ever entered harbor,
Or crossed a stormy sea.
Like some majestic castle
She floats upon the stream;
The good ships moored beside her,
Like pigmy shallops seem!

How will her mighty bulwarks
The leaping surges brave—
How will her iron sinews
Make way 'gainst wind and wave?
Farewell, thou stately vessel!
Ye voyagers, farewell!
Securely on that deck shall ye
The tempest's shock repel.

The stately vessel left us,
In all her bold array;
A glorious sight, O landsmen,
As she glided down our bay;
Her flags were waving joyfully,
And from her ribs of oak,
"Farewell!" to all the city
Her guns in thunder spoke.

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Flee, on thy vapory pinions,
Back, back to England flee,
Where patient watchers by the strand
Have waited long for thee;
Where kindred hearts are beating
To welcome home thy crew,
And tearful eyes gaze constantly
Across the waters blue!

Alas, ye watchers by the strand,
Weeks, months, have rolled away,
But where, where is the President—
And why is this delay?
Return, pale mourners, to your homes!
Ye gaze, and gaze in vain;
Oh! never shall that pennoned mast
Salute your eyes again.

And now your hopes, like morning stars,
Have one by one gone out,
And stern despair subdues at length
The agony of doubt;
But still affection lifts the torch
By night along the shore,
And lingers by the surf-beat rocks,
To marvel, to deplore.

In dreams I see the fated ship
Torn by the northern blast;
About her tempest-riven track
The white fog gathers fast;
When lo! above the swathing mist
Their heads the icebergs lift,
In lucent grandeur to the clouds—
Vast continents adrift!

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One mingled shriek of awe goes up
At that stupendous sight;
Now, helmsman, for a hundred lives,
Oh, guide the helm aright!
Vain prayer! she strikes! and thundering down
The avalanches fall:
Crush'd, whelm'd, the stately vessel sinks—
The cold sea covers all!

Anon, unresisting Fancy holds
A direr scene to view;
The burning ship, the fragile raft,
The pale and dying crew!
Ah, me! was such their maddening fate
Upon the billowy brine?
Give up, remorseless Ocean,
A relic and a sign!

No answer cometh from the deep,
To tell the tale we dread;
No messenger of weal or woe
Returneth from the dead.
But Faith looks up thro' tears, and sees,
From earthly haven driven,
Those lost ones meet in fairer realms,
Where storms reach not—in Heaven.

PRINCELY MUNIFICENCE.—The late Earl of Egremont distributed in acts of charity and benevolence during the last sixty years, upward of £1,000,200 sterling—or about £20,000 per annum.

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EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA.

BY LIEUTENANT W. F. LYNCH, U. S. N.

EVERY requisite preparation having been made, on the 20th of November the Supply dropped down from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where she had been fitted for the Expedition, to the anchorage off the Battery. The unfavorable weather detained her here for several days, but on the 26th instant it changed for the better, and she stood down the Narrows and thence out to sea, with her sails distended by the prosperous breezes that wafted her rapidly along toward the storied land whither she was bound. Making brief stoppings at Gibraltar, Port Mahon, and Malta, on the 16th of February, 1848, she anchored in the harbor of Smyrna, the Ismir of the Infidel, lying in the midst of an amphitheater of lofty hills, towering above which is the ancient *Mons Pagus*, on whose slopes are spread out the blooming environs, and the perfumed groves of citrons, oranges, and lemons, that surround it; on the north, the Mysian Olympus rearing its hoary summit to the clouds, on the south, the peaks of Tmolus clothed with their dark canopies of somber oaks and funereal pines, and melancholy cypresses, and between them a varied scene of floral loveliness—green hills fringed with the richest vegetation, intermingled with delightful valleys, where the nectarine and almond, the fig and plantain, the acacia, the palm, the olive, the mulberry,

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and the mimosa flourish and blossom in an atmosphere which the keen frosts of winter can never penetrate—and by the water's side the long lines of flat-roofed houses, some well built of brick, and others shabbily constructed of planks, and offering a strange contrast to the many-colored domes and lofty minarets that surmount the temples of the Moslem, while, as far as the eye can reach in the interior, the landscape is dotted with pillared kiosks and handsome villas, sweetly embowered amid the most luxuriant foliage, and the most beautiful flowers.

Smyrna was one of the cities that contested for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, and, also, the seat of one of the seven apocalyptic churches. It contains not far from one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, most of whom are Turks, and the remainder Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Syrians, and Franks. The society is said to be quite agreeable, and strangers are welcomed with a cordiality and hospitality not usual in Turkish towns. The Greeks have assimilated to the manners of the Franks in many respects, and adopted in great part the costumes of western Europe; but among the other classes, with the exception of the Franks and Jews, the Turkish dress prevails. A clear white or parti-colored turban, or the crimson *tarbûsh*, with its long silken tassel of blue or black hanging down nearly to the shoulder of the wearer, is worn by the males, while the females conceal their dark locks and sallow faces, all but the bright flashing eyes, beneath the folds of the thin muslin *yashmak*. When the con-

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dition of the weather requires it, the former envelop themselves in the *grego,* a long coat made of a thick brown or maroon-colored woolen stuff, with a hood, and trimmed with scarlet cord and facings—while the latter hide their *embonpoint* figures, and their loose, flowing sacks, and embroidered *shakshen,* beneath their worsted *ferajes* of yellow or purple, with their wide capes drooping down to the ground. The Frank adheres to the costume of his fathers, and the Jew still hides his sharp, cunning features, and the well-filled gipsire in his girdle, beneath the folds of his dark serge or cotton gabardine.

Leaving his vessel at Smyrna, Lieutenant Lynch proceeded to Constantinople—the Stambûl of the Turk—in accordance with his instructions, to obtain the permission of the Sultan to pass through his dominions in Syria, to the Dead Sea. This was cheerfully granted, and the requisite firman, addressed to the governors of Saida and Jerusalem, was placed in the hands of Lieutenant Lynch, who immediately returned to his party.

On the 10th of March, the Supply again got under way, in order to proceed to St. Jean d'Acre, where it was designed finally to disembark. Shortly after leaving the gulf of Smyrna, the vessel was driven by a fierce levanter to take shelter in the bay of Scio. Sail was once more made on the 18th instant, and after a pleasant run of near seven hundred miles, the morning sun of the 25th was discovered flinging his rosy beams over the noble range of Jebel-Liban, once adorned with

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those gigantic cedars that added beauty and strength to the temple of Solomon; but now "the glory of Lebanon has departed," and the clustering firs alone conceal, beneath their umbrella-like canopies, the deep ravines and beetling precipices beneath, and the caves and sepulchers in which the Jews and Christians sheltered themselves, in former days, from the fury of the persecutor, while far above them, in the clear sunlight, glistens the eternal snow.

Early in the morning of the 25th, the Supply anchored off the town of Beïrût, in order to enable Lieutenant Lynch to have an interview with the Pasha, and obtain the requisite instructions to the subordinates of the latter to afford him assistance and protection on his route through the country, if necessary, and to dispatch a messenger to the Pasha of Damascus for a similar purpose. Beïrût is a small town, with a population of only twelve or fifteen thousand, consisting principally of Turks, Druses, Armenians, and Franks. In the days of antiquity it was known as Berytus (Βηρυτος), and was celebrated for its law school, established by Alexander Severus. In the legends of the Crusaders, it is famous as the scene of St. George's victory over the dragon.

The costume of the inhabitants of Beïrût differs but little from that noticed in Smyrna. The *learned* Druse (*akout*) does not lay aside his white turban, nor does his wife ever part with her ungainly *tantûr;* but the Turkish dress, in some or all of its features, prevails among every class except the Franks. The *tantûr* is a

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singular, not to say hideous appendage, peculiar to the Druses women, though occasionally seen among their neighbors, the Maronites; it is worn only by those who are married, or by the unmarried of the highest rank; and when once assumed is never laid aside. It is a tube, made of tin, or plated silver, or gilt, according to the means of the wearer, about eighteen inches long, and resembling a horn. At the base it is from three to four inches in diameter, and tapers gradually to the point, where it is about an inch across. It is fastened to the head by means of a spring, balanced by three heavy tassels hanging down on the opposite side; and projects either from the center of the forehead or from one side, at an angle of forty-five degrees, like the horn of a unicorn. From the tip depends a white, transparent vail, that floats down to the breast, and serves to conceal the features when desired.

In the afternoon of the 28th of March, the Supply once more got under sail, and, continuing her southerly course, past the memorable cities of Sidon and Tyre, anchored before the walled village of Haifa, under Mount Carmel. This steep promontory forms the southwestern extremity of the bay of Acre, and is from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. Far to the east stretches the plain of Jezrael, the ancient Megiddo, so often dyed with the blood of the warring hosts who have here contended for the victory, while to the south lies the lovely valley of Sharon, inclosed between the hills of Samaria and Galilee, and adorned with the beautiful flowers of the cistus, which

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have so often elicited the admiration of the traveler and the encomiums of the poet. On the opposite side of the bay, at a distance of sixteen miles, is St. Jean d'Acre, the Ptolemais of the Greek, and the Akka of the Saracen; before whose walls the Lion-Hearted Richard and his gallant knights performed so many deeds of high emprise, and in later years the "child of destiny," the future emperor of France, was so completely foiled. It is famous, too, as the scene of the last desperate but useless struggle of the Knights of St. John.

St. Jean d'Acre once boasted of its handsome structures, uniting the grandeur and massiveness of ancient Gothic architecture, with the light arabesque work of the Saracen. All its fine public and private buildings were battered down and nearly destroyed, during the siege by Ibrahim Pasha, in 1832, with the single exception of the white marble mosque of Djezzar Pasha, which is of a quadrangular form, and surmounted with a beautiful cupola, supported on pillars brought from the ruins of Cæsarea. The cube-shaped houses are mostly built of stone, with flat mud roofs, which form agreeable promenades.

The members of the exploring party, consisting of Lieut. Lynch, Lieut. Dale, Passed-midshipman Aulick, and eleven others, petty officers and seamen, landed at Haifa, with their baggage and equipment—not forgetting the two boats—on the morning of the 31st of March, and encamped by the sea-shore. The Supply then sailed for Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, and the seaport to Jerusalem, from whence the "military chest" of the ex-

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pedition was forwarded to the British consul at the ancient capital of Judea.

Horses having been procured from Acre, the party commenced moving from their encampment on the morning of the 1st of April.

In describing the Bedawin whom he saw during his tour through the Holy Land, the Rev. Mr. Fisk remarks, that "they are for the most part straight, upright, and gracefully formed. I have never met," says he, "with a lame or deformed Bedawi. They are generally of a spare habit, muscular, and sinewy. Their skins are of a fine, rich brown, very like the color of the carefully roasted coffee-berry. Frequently their skin has almost a transparent appearance, and is capable of exhibiting emotion, in the rushing of the blood to the cheeks. Their eyes are well set in their heads, and are sparkling, burning, quick, and intelligent. They have mostly thin, spare beards, which they wear untrimmed. They possess immense energy and activity, and are capable of enduring fatigue; all of which their most abstemious habits tend to cherish. Their step, when in the desert, is firm, agile, and graceful. They walk as nature intended. They have never been drilled into awkwardness by dancing and posture masters. Every muscle, tendon, and sinew performs its proper office. If asked to mention the best specimen of untutored, manly gracefulness of bearing I have ever met with, I would try and depict a young, healthy Bedawi Arab. And their simple attire is as graceful as their persons, though consisting of nothing but slender and uncostly materials.

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"The attire of all Bedawin, except the very poorest, is completed by an outside flowing mantle, of a very graceful shape—sometimes blue, now and then crimson—but more commonly of a fawn color, marked with broad stripes of dark brown. The former are generally of woolen cloth; the latter of camel's hair. They commonly go barefoot; but those who can afford such a luxury, have sandals of fish-skin, which are made at Tor, in the peninsula of Sinai. They, however, use them only occasionally, when the sands are intensely hot, or the mountain passes sharp and rugged. With such a costume, so picturesque and graceful, it is no wonder that they should produce, at first, a startling effect upon a European mind, when seen in connection with their *wild-bird-o'-th'-wilderness* bearing. Their garments appear as if they had never been new, they are so frayed and worn, and often are little better than rags, yet not the less graceful for that; and their weapons, doubtless, have passed from father to son, for several generations."

The remarks of Mr. Fisk are more particularly applicable to those tribes inhabiting the peninsula of Sinai; the male members of which usually compose the escorts of caravans, or of parties of travelers, proceeding to Jerusalem, by way of Mount Sinai, Akabah, Wâdy Mousa, and Hebron. But all these different families of the descendants of Ishmael resemble one another in their more important and most striking characteristics; and each individual is a type of his class. Bold, fierce, and courageous; proud and intractable;

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possessing powers of physical endurance rarely equaled; prompt in danger; terrible in battle; yet kind and affectionate in his intercourse with his family; ever ready to face any peril in defense of his creed, to accomplish revenge, or gratify his propensity for plunder; never-tiring and relentless in the pursuit of an enemy, but adhering to a friend with the devotion of a brother; murdering and robbing with impunity those not under his protection, but, where his word and faith have been plighted, faithful and reliable to the last—such, in brief, is the character of the Bedawi warrior, who roams at will through the desert wilderness of Judea, and along the sandy terraces overlooking the valley of El-Ghor.

It having been satisfactorily proved that the horses of Araby, however useful in their appropriate sphere, were wholly unfitted for hauling the boats over the mountain ridges between Acre and the lake of Tiberias, though the distance barely exceeded thirty miles, Lieutenant Lynch had recourse to the never-failing "ship of the desert"—the *jemel* of the Arab. A pair of camels were harnessed to each truck, and one attached in front as a leader; a number of the same animals were also provided to relieve the former, and to carry the baggage of the party, while each one of the officers and men was mounted on a fine Arabian *destrier*.

On the morning of the 4th of April, they commenced the overland march. Crossing the beautiful plain of Acre, empurpled with the glorious dyes of the anemone, and sprinkled all over with the beautiful blos-

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soms of the daisy, the white and crimson and golden flowers of the aster, the pale asphodel, the scarlet pink, the variegated convolvulus, and the bright-tinted cyclamen—they soon commenced the ascent of the hills beyond, which were richly carpeted along their slopes with the purest green verdure, and dotted with clumps of figs and apricots, and groves of olives and pomegranates, amid whose branches many a feathered songster discoursed "most eloquent music," and whose emerald foliage seemed so refreshing to the eye, in contrast with the glassy appearance of the ocean, and the hot sandy beach.

A short distance beyond Acre, in a southeasterly direction, was the village of Abelin, the mountain fortress of the Sheikh 'Akīl, perched on its eyry-cliff high above the southern slope of the plain. Here the cavalcade was joined by the Arabian escort. Including the Sherîf and 'Akīl, with their servants, there were in all, fifteen Bedawin; this addition making the total number of the whole party, counting the interpreter and cook hired for the occasion by Lieutenant Lynch, to be thirty-one. 'Akīl was dressed in a long flowing *aba*, or cloak, of a green color, a red *tarbûsh*, and white trowsers of ample dimensions; while the Sherîf wore a rich cloak embroidered with silver, and underneath a spencer and trowsers of the finest olive-colored cloth. Their followers and attendants were enveloped in dark purple *abas*, and their swart faces half hidden beneath their yellow *koofeeyahs*, or *keffiehs*, which were bound round with cords of camel's hair, dyed black.

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All were armed with spears eighteen feet long, some of which were tufted with beautiful ostrich feathers.

When in motion, the united party presented an imposing and picturesque appearance. The Americans on their fine-spirited horses—the long line of camels—the carriages and boats, each of which bore its tiny flag of mingled stripes and stars—the Arabs on their caracoling steeds, leading the head of the column, or darting over the distant hills, in front, in flank, or in rear, as videttes—and the glistening carbines and flashing spears—all combined to produce a most attractive sight, which excited the curiosity, and called forth the wondering gaze, of the few *fellahîn* that were seen along the line of the route. Occasionally, an Arab village would be passed, and many a dark eye would then scan the equipments of the cavalcade, and watch its movements as it wound its way through the valleys and plains, through the rocky defiles, and over the hilly slopes.

After leaving Abelin, the expedition crossed a ridge bounding the plain sloping down to the Syrian coast, and soon after entered the Wâdy en Nafakh, usually called the Blowing Valley, which is flanked by high hills covered with an abundance of wild flowers and grass, and with white oak trees of a stunted growth. In the midst of this valley, and in the land of Zebulon, the party halted for the night. Early in the morning of the 5th instant, the tents were struck and the march resumed. Passing between Nazareth and Cana of Galilee—the residence in early life, and the scene of the

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first miracle of our Saviour—they encamped, about the middle of the afternoon, near Tŭrân, a fortified Arab village, imbosomed amid thrifty groves and orchards of olives. During the day, a number of sharp and abrupt ridges had been passed by the cavalcade. The road was a mere mule-track, and it was often necessary to deviate from it. Where the hills were so steep that the descent was difficult, the camels were detached from the trucks, and the latter let down with ropes.

On the 6th of April they passed through a rich, undulating country, dotted with uninclosed fields of horse-beans, wheat, barley, and millet, and with patches of melons, pumpkins, and cucumbers, alternating, now and then, with grassy slopes, with dense clumps of the purple merar, and with bright parterres sprinkled with the blue convolvulus and the scarlet anemone, and with beautiful groves, where the white blossoms of the olive, and the crimson flowers of the pomegranate, peeped out from amid the light green foliage of the fig and the apricot, that shaded and relieved, but could not conceal, their gorgeous dyes. About the middle of the afternoon, the summit of the dividing ridge was reached, and glimpses were obtained of the Sea of Galilee, and the mountains of Bashan, piled up to the clouds, on its farther shore. The prevailing formation, hitherto, had been limestone, but nodules of quartz were now frequently seen, and an abundance of trap entirely destitute of minerals. Far to the right trended a long range of crateriform slopes, all indicating the volcanic character of the country that lay beyond.

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Shortly after commencing the descent, and after threading with great difficulty a number of precipitous valleys, the vanguard of the party emerged upon the high-road leading from Jerusalem to Damascus, near the ancient town of Magdalen. The silvery surface of the lake was now distinctly visible, and a few hours' ride brought them to the ancient city of Tiberias—the Tibaria of the Jew, and the Tūbarīyeh of his Moslem oppressor and task-master.

The Sea of Galilee, or Lake of Genesareth, is, strictly speaking, an expansion of the river Jordan, occupying a basin formed amid the surrounding hills. It is about sixteen miles in length, from north to south, and between five and six miles in breadth. On the east it is bordered by precipitous mountains, for the most part rising abruptly from the water's edge; but on the west, the banks slope gradually upward to the plains of Zebulon. As the shore outline is almost unbroken, and the margin nearly destitute of trees, while a boat, or sailing craft of any kind, is scarcely ever seen, the aspect of the lake is cheerless and monotonous, except when disturbed by the occasional squalls issuing from the ravines, similar to that which was hushed in an instant by the simple command of the Saviour, "Peace, be still!" yet its broad and unruffled surface, "added to the impression under which every Christian approaches it, gives to it a character of unparalleled dignity."

During the rainy season, the depth of the water in the lake is considerably greater than at other times;

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but after a rise, the rapid evaporation which takes place in this warm climate soon causes it to fall. The greatest depth so far ascertained is one hundred and sixty-five feet. To the taste the water is cool and sweet, and it is said to possess medicinal properties. About a mile to the south of Tiberias are the hot baths or springs of Emmaus, the waters of which are salt and bitter, and strongly impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen. Near them are several other springs, whose waters contain more or less mineral substances. Several varieties of the most delicious fish are found in the lake, which furnish the weary traveler with many an excellent repast.

In itself, the Sea of Galilee is by no means a striking feature in the scenery of Palestine; but there is scarce a mountain or a rock, a town or a ruin, a tree or a shrub along its shores, but is vocal with its Scriptural legend. Upon its western borders, in the city of Capernaum, dwelt Jesus himself. On its verdant banks, fringed with the scarlet anemone, the yellow marigold, and the pink oleander, He called His disciples, and made them "fishers of men." Here is the Mount of Beatitudes, upon whose summit He delivered that noble sermon which contains the whole duty of man. Here He performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes; here He healed the sick and cleansed those who were diseased; and here He preached the gospel of mercy and love. In yonder field, now covered with the growing corn, the famishing disciples fed themselves upon the Sabbath day; and on that tufted hillock, where the

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hedda makes its nest, stood their Master, after His glorious triumph over death and the grave, when He bade them cast their net on the right side of the ship, and they should find.

With the exception of Tiberias, there are no towns of particular importance on the banks of the lake, except as connected with the localities of Scripture. A short distance north of the former is the miserable village of Mejdel, the ancient Magdala, and the birth-place of Mary Magdalene; but all the other places of interest are in ruins, and in some cases it is difficult even to ascertain their sites with any degree of precision.

Cleanliness is not one of the cardinal virtues of the inhabitants; vermin are pretty abundant; and Tiberias might be appropriately called "the Paradise of fleas."

Throughout Palestine, the condition of the Jews, as a general rule, is miserable in the extreme. In Tiberias, however, it is somewhat mollified; and though they are often made to feel the heaviness of the Turkish yoke, they are less exposed to indignities than in many of the other cities and towns in Palestine. This is one of the holy cities of the Jews, and is held in peculiar veneration by them. According to their traditions, Jacob resided here, and the advent of the expected Messiah is to take place on the shores of the neighboring lake. Tiberias was an ancient seat of Jewish literature, and it now contains a sanhedrim consisting of seventy rabbis, who are constantly occupied in the study of the Talmud. They are supported prin-

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cipally by the contributions of European Jews, and to them are referred controversial matters of discipline by their brethren in all parts of the world.

It has often been remarked, that the snake-eyed and sharp-featured Israelite of the present day is very different, in personal appearance, from the tall and manly warriors who composed the armies of David, or the comely youth that graced the court of Solomon; and the male Jews, clad in their dark and unshapely gabardines, who may be seen in the synagogues of Tiberias, with their broad and narrow phylacteries, either plain or embroidered, chanting in a monotonous, but earnest tone, the lamentations of Jeremiah, do not constitute an exception to this remark. But the Jewish women, here as every where, are

> "Like a ladye from a far countree,
> Beautiful exceedingly."

Many among them still believe they have escaped the curse pronounced upon those who reviled and scourged and crucified the Redeemer. It is undeniable, that in personal attractions, in gracefulness of form, in ease of movement, in beauty and symmetry of feature, and, withal, in kindliness and gentleness of spirit, they far exceed their male companions. In the neighborhood of the Eastern towns, at the wells and springs, groups of Jewish damsels, or peasant women, may be seen, each one of whom, in the style of her dress, in her complexion, manner, and appearance, will remind the Christian traveler of the Rebecca whom Isaac loved. And it has been remarked by an intelligent female

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writer, who speaks from her own personal observation, that the common practice of carrying water on their heads, contributes a great deal to the uprightness and elegance of figure for which the women of Syria and Egypt are remarkable. "So far from giving a curve to the spine, depressing the neck, or in anywise shortening the growth of the body, the resistance of the muscles seems to increase in proportion to the pressure, and much elasticity of action is the result. In some places, the springs are often a quarter of a mile from the villages, and much below them, so as to render the ascent very toilsome: yet every day in the week may be seen girls and women carrying these jars, containing not less than fifteen quarts of water, on their heads, with a natural grace not exceeded by the studied walk of a stage dancer. A favorite manner with them, when seen by men, and when wishing to be coquettish, is to place both thumbs through the jar handles, which has a very statue-like appearance. When unobserved they generally tuck up their gowns all round, showing their pantaloons. If in their best clothes, they are seen with silver bracelets instead of glass ones, and with similar rings round their ankles; with a silver relic case hanging at their bosom; with long sleeves to their gowns; and over it, if in winter, a cloth vest, if in summer, one of bombazine; with earrings; and with a species of ornament not known in England or France, silver rims of mail or of coins, which take in the oval of the face from the temples to the chin, and have a very pretty effect. The girdles are fastened by two silver bosses

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as large as the bottom of a tumbler, and they wear on their feet a pair of yellow slippers."

Very little change has been made for centuries in the dress of the Jewish women. The fabrics of which they are composed, are in some cases different, but the form and fashion are nearly the same. They wear short, narrow-skirted gowns, boddices, and wide pantalets, gathered at the ankles. The boddice is left open in front, and underneath there is a thin gauze *chemisette*, or stomacher, with pockets for the breasts—the shape of which is thus distinctly shown, and oftentimes the exhibition is so gross that it detracts very much from the appearance in other respects. The unmarried females wear their hair in tasteful plaits intermingled with ornaments, or suffer it to fall in long, clustering ringlets over the neck and shoulders. But the married women are forbidden to expose their hair, though they make ample amends for regarding the prohibition, by ornamenting their heads with silver rims, and coins, and gems, and with a great abundance of false curls.

"The sacred Jordan" rises a few miles north of Bânias, the ancient Cæsarea Philippi, near the modern town of Hâsbeiya, in latitude 33° 26′ N., and longitude 32° 35′ E. It starts abruptly from beneath an escarped rock, forty feet high, on the western slope of Jebel-es-Sheikh, or Mount Hermon. At its source, a small pool or fountain is formed, which is half hidden beneath the willow and plane-trees that twine their branches together above it, and beautifully fringed with wild roses and clematis, with white and pink oleanders,

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with the retem and the dianthus, with altheas and snap-dragons.

From its source at the foot of Anti-Libanus, the Jordan pursues a circuitous and impetuous course of more than forty miles, through the beautiful valley of Bakaäh, and the Ardhel-Hŭleh (Land of Hŭleh)—receiving, meanwhile, the waters of the river Bânias and its tributaries, and crossing the ferny lake of Hŭleh, the Merom of antiquity—and, at length, opens out into the Sea of Tiberias, or Galilee, close beside the ancient Bethsaida, whose reputed site on its eastern bank is still pointed out to the pilgrim. Throughout this whole distance, the valley of the river is enameled with the brightest and most luxuriant vegetation. Mulberry orchards and olive groves cover the bottom lands, and the shelving slopes are adorned with fields of barley, wheat, and millet; with patches of vines and melons; and with beds of wild flowers, filling the air with their fragrance, and shaming, with their richly varied hues, the brilliant dyes of an Eastern sunset.

On its leaving the Sea of Galilee, the Jordan debouches shortly to the right, and then turning to the south, enters the narrow valley of El-Ghor. Henceforward it is even more sinuous than before; and, though it traverses only sixty miles of latitude in its progress to the Dead Sea, it actually makes full two hundred miles, according to the calculation of Lieutenant Lynch. The Ghor is about three quarters of a mile in average width. On the east it is bordered by the barren mountains of Hauran, and on the west by a series of laminated hills,

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worn by the rains into tent-like shapes, or truncated cones. The river has two banks, one just above the channel which it has cut through the loose soil, and the other, something like five hundred feet above, running like a terrace along the rolling sand hills that form the surface of the upper plain.

The size of the stream and the rapidity of the current vary with the season. In February and March the floods occur, and its lower banks are then often overflowed by the melted snows of the Libanus ranges. In high water, it is from ten to seventeen feet deep, and the breadth varies from twenty-five to seventy yards. At one time it meanders slowly through a rich alluvial plain, and at another dashes swiftly between bold and precipitous banks from fifteen to thirty feet high. Here it is a placid streamlet, softly laving the white fringy clusters of the asphodel, and the long, plumy tresses of the willow and the oleander; and there, a mountain torrent, bounding, and foaming, and tossing over its rocky bed.

Numerous rapids and cascades obstruct the navigation of the river, and at its embouchure into the Dead Sea, where it is about one hundred and eighty yards across, it is thirteen hundred feet lower than its fountain-head, at the foot of Mount Hermon. In the course of its descent from the Sea of Tiberias to the Lake Asphaltites, it receives several tributaries.

To the biblical scholar, the Jordan is replete with interesting associations. When Lot separated himself from Abram, he "chose him all the plain of Jordan."

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Its waters were divided when the Ark of the Covenant was carried into the stream, and the children of Israel, under Joshua, their leader, "passed over right against Jericho." Elijah performed a similar miracle, just before he ascended to heaven in the chariot of fire, and, in company with Elisha, "went over on dry ground;" so, too, the latter, after the departure of his friend, with the mantle that fell from him, smote the waters, and "and they parted hither and thither." In later times it has been celebrated as the sacred stream in which Jesus Christ received the rite of baptism from John the Baptist; and in commemoration of this event, at the Easter season, thousands of devotees, usually pilgrims to the Holy City, from every nation and clime in Christendom, repair to El Meshra'a, where it is said to have taken place, to bathe in the river on the anniversary, and "cleanse them from all unrighteousness."

After encountering and overcoming almost insuperable difficulties, the metallic boats transported by the American exploring party overland from Acre, were finally launched upon the waters of the Sea of Galilee on the 8th of April. A third boat, said to be the only one on the lake, was purchased at Tiberias, in order to carry some of the lighter baggage, and the tents, after the arrival of the party at the Dead Sea. As the waters of the river were now subsiding, on the receipt of the firman, or *buyuruldi*, of the Pasha of Jerusalem, addressed to "the Sheikhs and elders of the Arabs and keepers of the highways," requiring them to give assistance and protection, if necessary, to Lieutenant Lynch and his

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command, immediate preparations were made for the descent of the river. On the 10th instant they left Tiberias—Lieutenant Dale, with the Arabian escort, and the scientific gentlemen who accompanied the expedition as amateurs, following the right bank of the stream, and taking with him the loaded camels—and Lieutenant Lynch accompanying the boats.

So tortuous was the course of the river, that at the close of the second day after leaving Tiberias, they were only twelve miles distant, in a straight line, from the Sea of Galilee. The boat purchased there was soon dashed to pieces amid the rocks and precipices over which tumbled the foaming waters; but the metallic ones suffered but little from the severe thumps which they received. No obstacle impeded the descent of the stream except the numerous rapids and cascades, many of which were from eleven to fifteen feet fall.

For several miles below the Sea of Galilee, the elevated plains lying along the valley of the Jordan are well cultivated, and fields of grain are quite abundant; but as you progress to the southward, this appearance of fertility gives place to a barren, and a wilder and more savage aspect. The soil of the lower valley is a dark rich loam, or alluvion, occasionally interrupted by indurated clay and sand, which supports, for the most part, an exceedingly rank vegetation.

So luxuriant is this, that the stream itself is oftentimes completely hidden and screened by the dense thickets of trees and bushes, "the pride of Jordan," from the fierce sun that beats down in all its fury, as

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if in fulfillment of a curse upon the barren hills and desert slopes of Palestine. Upon the borders of the stream, amid the mingled tufts of cane, and reeds, and grass, innumerable wild flowers bloom and blossom. The scarlet anemone, the yellow marigold and daisy, the pink-flowered valerian, the crimson *bághuk*, the bright water-lily, the orange-colored *bisbás* and *murur*, the white fringy asphodel, the purple clover, the medicinal briony, the pheasant's eye, and the scabiosa stellata, blend their choice dyes together. Tangled masses of shrubbery, of vines, and osiers, shade or conceal the wild oats and mustard, the fennel and mallows, that grow beneath them. White and pink oleanders display their clustering flowers in every bight, and scent the air with their grateful perfume. The beautiful acacia, and the stately plane-tree, are occasionally seen. The tamarisk (*turfa*), and the willow (*sifsaf*), abound through the whole length of the valley. The swamp-like shores—often real jungles in appearance—here and there present a lovely myrtle bower, and far inland may be descried miniature forests of dwarf oaks and cedars. *Kelakh* and *ghurrah* bushes are scattered along the terraces, with the laurestinus, the arbutus, and the agnus castus. The carob tree, the mala insana, and the pistachio, or terebinth (the *butm* of the Arab), are seen, though but rarely; and every turn of the river discloses the purple blossoms of the osher tree, and the thorny branches of the *nubk*, or lotus.

Few of the animals driven out from the thickets, in the olden time, by the swelling of the river, are now

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found in the country. The principal ones at present known to exist are the gazelle, the fallow-deer, the jackal, the panther, and the *kelb-el-maya*, or water-dog. Wild-fowl are tolerably plentiful. The beautiful bul-bul—its crimson wings and scarlet head contrasting finely with the rich nutty brown of its breast—trills its soft notes in the fragrant groves at eventide; and the sweet banks and woods echo till early dawn the melodious songs of a thousand nightingales.

Wandering tribes of Bedawin occupy both shores of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. At Kerak, near the eastern bank of the latter, there are a number of Christian Arabs, who have a chapel of their own; but, generally speaking, all the Arabs are Mussulmans. Some of them are bold, fierce, and warlike, and others timid, meager, forlorn, and wretched looking objects. All are treacherous and thievish.

The *fellahîn*, or peasantry, are miserable creatures. When it is stated that the poor *fellah* is the slave of the Bedawi or Turk, and that the *fellaha*, his wife, is also his drudge, nothing more need be added in regard to their condition. They live in filthy mud hovels, and subsist mainly on *pilau*, or boiled rice, which they eat by scooping it up and conveying it to their mouths in the hollow of their hands.

Late in the evening of the 17th of April, they arrived at El-Meshra'a, the Pilgrim's Ford, but a few miles distant from the Dead Sea.

The morrow was the anniversary of the baptism of the Saviour. "At three o'clock in the morning," says

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Lieutenant Lynch, "we were aroused by the intelligence that the pilgrims were coming. Rising in haste, we beheld thousands of torch-lights, with a dark mass beneath, moving rapidly over the hills. Striking our tents with precipitation, we hurriedly removed them and all our effects a short distance to the left. We had scarce finished, when they were upon us—men, women, and children, mounted on camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, rushed impetuously by toward the bank. They presented the appearance of fugitives from a routed army. Our Arab friends here stood us in good stead; sticking their tufted spears before our tents, they mounted their steeds and formed a military cordon round us. But for them we should have been run down, and most of our effects trampled upon, scattered, and lost. Strange that we should have been shielded from a Christian throng by wild children of the desert—Muslims in name, but pagans in reality. Nothing but the spears and swarthy faces of the Arabs saved us. I had, in the mean time, sent the boats to the opposite shore, a little below the bathing place, as well to be out of the way as to be in readiness to render assistance, should any of the crowd be swept down by the current, and in danger of drowning. While the boats were taking their position, one of the earlier bathers cried out that it was a sacred place; but when the purpose was explained to him, he warmly thanked us. Moored to the opposite shore, with their crews in them, they presented an unusual spectacle.

"The party which had disturbed us was the advanced

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guard of the great body of the pilgrims. At five, just at the dawn of day, the last made its appearance, coming over the crest of a high ridge, in one tumultuous and eager throng. In all the wild haste of a disorderly rout, Copts and Russians, Poles, Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians, from all parts of Asia, from Europe, from Africa, and from far distant America, on they came; men, women, and children, of every age and hue, and in every variety of costume; talking, screaming, shouting, in almost every known language under the sun. Mounted as variously as those who had preceded them, many of the women and children were suspended in baskets, or confined in cages; and with their eyes strained toward the river, heedless of all intervening obstacles, they hurried eagerly forward, and dismounting in haste, and disrobing with precipitation, rushed down the bank, and threw themselves into the stream.

"They seemed to be absorbed by one impulsive feeling, and perfectly regardless of the observations of others. Each one plunged himself, or was dipped by another, three times below the surface, in honor of the Trinity; and then filled a bottle, or some other utensil, from the river. The bathing-dress of many of the pilgrims was a white gown, with a black cross upon it. Most of them, as soon as they were dressed, cut branches of the agnus castus, or willow; and, dipping them in the consecrated stream, bore them away as memorials of their visit. In an hour they began to disappear; and in less than three hours the trodden surface of the lately crowded bank reflected no human

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shadow. The pageant disappeared as rapidly as it had approached, and left to us once more the silence and the solitude of the wilderness. It was like a dream. An immense crowd of human beings, said to be eight thousand, but I thought not so many, had passed and repassed before our tents, and left not a vestige behind them."

In their progress down the river, the Americans had occasionally been threatened with an attack from the roving Arabs, but thus far they had not been molested; and they continued on their way, after the departure of the pilgrims, without meeting any interruption. The gloomy mountains bordering upon the Salt Lake had been visible in the afternoon of the previous day; and toward the close of the 18th of April, they reached the embouchure of the river, whose banks were here bordered with sedge and drift-wood, and presented a fit introduction to the dreary waste of waters that lay spread out in the dark chasm beyond. Proceeding directly to the western shore, the boats joined the land-party at Ain-el-Feshka (the Fountain of the Stride); and shortly after nightfall encamped in the vicinity of the fountain, and within hearing of the convent-bell of Mar Saba.

Various names have been given to the Dead Sea. Among the Jews, in earlier times, it was called the *Salt Sea*, in allusion to the saline properties of its waters; and the *Sea of the Plain*, probably with reference to the unfortunate catastrophe that occurred on the plain which it now occupies. At a later day, the

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prophets designated it as the *East Sea*, in order to distinguish it from the Mediterranean, or West Sea. Josephus, and the Greek and Roman writers generally, call it *Lacus Asphaltites*, or the Asphaltic Lake, from the quantities of asphaltum, in a soft or liquid state, that float on its surface, and the inflammable bituminous stones found upon its shores. Its modern appellation of the "Dead Sea" (*Mare Mortuum*), is derived from the once popular superstition, that the atmosphere above and around it, like the fabled exhalations of the upas tree, was tainted with poison, and that to drink of its water was certain death. In Syria it is known as *Al-Motanah*, or *Bahr Lut*—the latter being the term used by the descendants of Ishmael to perpetuate the remembrance of the escape of Lot from the fearful judgment of the Almighty.

Immediately upon the arrival of the American exploring party on the shore of the Dead Sea, a depot was established at Aîn Jidy (Engaddi), on the western bank, which was guarded by a few soldiers obtained from the Pasha of Jerusalem. The Sherîf and his servant remained at the depot, but 'Akîl and his Bedawin followers proceeded round the lake to Kerak, to establish a look-out for the party on the Arabian shore, and to make preparations for furnishing them with supplies, and insuring their good treatment by the inhabitants, if they should decide to visit the land of Moab.

After a day of rest, on the 20th of April the work of surveying and exploring the lake commenced. Diagonal soundings were made from shore to shore; a cast

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being taken every half mile. The strait formed by the peninsula projecting from the eastern shore was carefully and critically examined, in order to prove or disprove the existence of the ford mentioned by previous travelers in the Holy Land. Nothing of the kind was found. On the contrary, the bottom of the lake was ascertained to slope gradually upward to its southern extremity. The boats proceeded as far in this direction as was possible; the water having shoaled so much that they could go no farther. Within three hundred yards of the southern shore, near the cave of Usdum (Sodom), the boats grounded in six inches; but several members of the party waded through the water to the land. The intense heat pouring down into this narrow chasm, and reflected from the smooth surface of the sea, and the barren mountain sides, soon forced them to retire, however; and on the 28th of April, the surveys being ended, they all returned to camp.

While occupied in the examination of the southern part of the sea, a singular curiosity was discovered on the western shore, at the foot of the salt mountain of Usdum, or Sodom, and about two miles from the south end of the lake. This is described by Lieutenant Lynch as "a lofty, round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore," says he, "and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud, incrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen. We

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found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upward, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop, or buttress, connects it with the mountain behind; and the whole is covered with *débris* of a light stone color. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us, in vague terms, that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea; but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance upon them."

It is very probable that this is the same pillar which Josephus saw, and which he avers to be identical with that into which Lot's wife was transformed; but its position, on the opposite side of the lake from Zoar, shows plainly enough that his theory is incorrect. The supposed identity rests merely on traditionary authority, though many, doubtless, have believed in it, who were ignorant of the topography of the adjacent country, and whose credulity overbalanced their judgment.

An analysis of the water of this sea was made by Dr. Marcet, in 1807, who says that, "a small quantity of pulverized sea-salt being added to a few drops of the water, cold and undiluted, the salt was readily dissolved with the assistance of gentle trituration, showing that the Dead Sea is not saturated with common

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salt." As the result of his analysis, Dr. Marcet ascertained that the proportions of the following substances, contained in one hundred grains of water, were:

	Grains.
Muriate of lime	3.920
Muriate of magnesia	10.246
Muriate of soda	10.360
Sulphate of lime	0.054
	24.580

Similar results have subsequently been obtained by other scientific men, who have examined and analyzed the water.

Its density, too, is greater than the water of the Atlantic. It was ascertained by Lieutenant Lynch, distilled water being regarded as 1, that that of the Atlantic was 1.02, and that of the Dead Sea 1.13. The boats of the expedition drew one inch less water on the sea than upon the Jordan, and when they encountered the waves, they seemed to strike against them with a dull, heavy plash, like molten lead. Such is the buoyancy of the water, that it is difficult for a bather to dive, or to keep his feet down; and if he lies upon his back, and draws his knees up and places his hands on them, he can roll over with scarce any exertion. It was once said, that nothing could sink to the bottom of this sea, but this, of course, is wholly fabulous.

To the touch, the water seems greasy, and causes the hands and face to smart with a sort of prickly sensation. It is inodorous, except in the vicinity of the

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sulphurous thermal springs that abound along the shores; but it is always excessively bitter and offensive to the taste. It likewise possesses petrifying qualities, and the stunted trees and bushes that grow upon its banks and die, and the drift-wood brought down by the Jordan, are preserved for a long time from decay by the salts with which they become saturated.

"My friend and fellow-traveler, Mr. Erskine," says Mr. Fisk, "bathed in the Dead Sea, and found the water extremely buoyant. I could not quite make up my mind to the experiment; but I tasted the water. It is impossible to express the intensity of its nauseousness, when taken in sufficient quantity, and retained long enough to act upon the palate. It has two distinct flavors when first tasted, which soon unite and make a most loathsome compound. The first is of extremely pungent saltness, and capable of excoriating the palate. The other is sheer bitterness—and so bitter, that it seems to penetrate the skin of the mouth. Though I took no more than about half a wine-glass full in my mouth, and did not swallow any, yet my palate was saturated with it, and the sensation remained during the day."

As there is no outlet through which the waters accumulating in this reservoir can be discharged, the evaporation that takes place must be very rapid; for, in addition to the Jordan, it receives the contents of several other tributary streams, and there are a number of springs along its shores, some of which pour their waters into the sea, though others are absorbed by the

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sand. According to the estimate of Dr. Shaw, the Jordan alone discharges daily, upon an average, 6,090,000 tons of water. Lieutenant Lynch also made an estimate; but his figures appear to have startled him, and he has therefore withheld them from the public. "The streams," says he, "from the fountains of Tŭrabêh, Aìn Jidy, and the salt spring near Muhăriwat, were almost wholly absorbed in the plains, as well as those running down the ravines of Sudeir, Sêyâl, Mubŭghghik, and Humeir, and the torrent between the Arnon and the Callirohoe. Taking the mean depth, width, and velocity of its more constant tributaries, I had estimated the quantity of water which the Dead Sea was hourly receiving from them at the time of our visit, but the calculation is one so liable to error, that I withhold it. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the quantity varies with the season, being greater during the winter rains, and much less in the heat of summer."

Without a more careful and accurate analysis of the waters of the Dead Sea, and its tributaries, than has yet been made, it would be difficult to account satisfactorily for the existence of the saline substances found in the former; but there is every reason to believe that the Jordan, and the other streams that flow into it, bring down a great proportion of them, and that the large deposit now there is the gradual accumulation of ages. This idea seems to derive strength from the fact, that this deposit is much the greatest at the southern end of the lake, where the earthy matters and foreign

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substances would naturally be carried by the strong current flowing in from the Jordan.

For centuries, speculation has been rife with regard to the probable position of the cities of the plain, and the manner of their destruction. It has repeatedly been said, that their ruins have been observed near the western side of the Dead Sea, but this fact is not well authenticated. Josephus, indeed, avers, that the shadows of the five cities could be seen in his time, yet it is not at all clear that he intended to be literally understood. Strabo professes to give the actual circumference of the ruins of Sodom as being sixty stadia, but the correctness of his statement is more than doubtful.

History and tradition, both sacred and profane, dating back for thousands of years, concur in the one great fact, that the Dead Sea, or the Sea of the Plain, covers the spot once occupied by the guilty cities. Until quite recently, too, it has been pretty generally conceded that the Jordan originally continued its course along the fertile vale of Siddim, after leaving the valley of El-Ghor, and then passed through the Wâdy-el-Arabah, whose general features have a striking resemblance to those of the former, to the Gulf of Akabah. But the examinations made by Dr. Robinson and the Count de Bertou—the latter of whom traveled through the Wâdy-el-Arabah—go to show that the level of the Dead Sea and the bed of the Jordan, is below that of the Red Sea, and that the Wâdy-el-Arabah rises gradually as far south as Wâdy Talh, the dividing ridge. This would indicate that a lake or sea, without any

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outlet, has always existed where the Dead Sea now is; and that opinion has latterly been gaining ground.

From the expression frequently used in Scripture—"Sodom and her daughters," and from the circumstance of the destruction of the cities being often mentioned simply as the "overthrow of Sodom," we infer that Sodom was the capital, or at least the principal city of the Pentapolis; and it is probable that the other towns which perished with her were ranged around her at no great distances. The exact part of the plain in which Sodom was situated we do not know; but the following consideration will satisfy us that its site could not have been far from what are now the southern limits of the lake.

When Sodom fell, the little town of Zoar afforded refuge to Lot. The time which Lot occupied in going thither will give us the distance of Sodom, the probable capital, from Zoar. We read that "there came two angels to Sodom at even; and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom. And he said, Behold, now, my lords, turn in, I pray you, into your servant's house and tarry all night." During night, the angels disclosed the approaching destruction of the city, and enjoined Lot to leave it, which he did at daybreak, but not earlier. "When the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot," etc. Having set out, he reached the gates of Zoar at sunrise—"The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar." It thus appears that Lot occupied only two hours in traveling between the two cities—the time from daybreak till sunrise. Sod-

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om, consequently, could not have been more than six miles distant from Zoar; and thus, its site would fall within the limits of the lower lake; for the head of that lake is three hours from Zoar—the site of Zoar, which is known at this day, adjoining the southern extremity of the lake.

With regard to the manner in which the cities were destroyed, there has been a great deal of conjecture, for the most part idly, or at least unprofitably hazarded. We know that the Almighty usually operates with secondary causes; and it may be that volcanic agency, as has been presumed, was the physical instrument employed by Him in this case; that the Salt Sea was formed by the subsidence of the plain, or from the damming up of the Jordan by a current of lava, or both combined; and that the showers of fire and brimstone were occasioned by the fall of volcanic ejections. But the most reasonable supposition is, that, simultaneously with the fire and brimstone rained out of heaven upon the doomed cities, volcanic eruptions took place; that the slime-pits, or pits of bitumen, according to the version of the Septuagint, with which the plain was filled, were inflamed; and that the combustion of the soil, or the underlying strata, was followed by the subsidence of the plain.

Be this as it may, there lies that solitary and desolate lake, the seal and the witness to the fearful judgment pronounced by Jehovah Himself upon those who had erred past all forgiveness. Within its dark waters thousands of animate beings were suddenly engulfed—

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cut off, in an instant, while cherishing, as we can well imagine, many of the bright hopes, and joys, and aspirations that animate our hearts, yet so tainted with the leprosy of vice and crime, that nature shuddered as she received them in her bosom. Both the infidel and the Christian historian concur in the main facts connected with this catastrophe. The former may continue to scoff and doubt, yet his reflections will often give rise to emotions of fear; but the latter, though trembling with awe, consoles himself with the thought that God is merciful as well as just.

Warned by the rapidly increasing heat, and the debilitated state of his party, that the summer solstice was fast approaching, Lieutenant Lynch broke up his encampment on the shores of the Dead Sea, on the morning of the 10th of May. The boats were taken to pieces, and placed on the backs of the camels; and the whole party commenced their return journey to the Mediterranean coast, proceeding overland by way of Jerusalem, across

> "Those holy fields,
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross."

Dr. Watts.—A monument to the memory of Dr. Watts has been erected in Abney Park Cemetery, where stood the mansion of Sir Thomas Abney, in which he died. It is surmounted with a full length figure of the celebrated poet and divine.

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THE GRAVE-YARD.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

'Tis a green spot, fenced in by rustling trees
And pine shrubs, in whose shade the wild bird chirps
Merrily in the noontide. Here the wild
Luxuriant ivy lifts its javelin leaf,
And briers grow up amid the embroidered brake,
And the tall elder hangs its berries out
To blacken in the sunshine. Flowers are here
Among the sunny ridges; clover blooms,
And wild moss-roses reddening the young grass,
And here the blackberry shows its purple fruit,
When the light haze of August faintly vails
The distant mountains.

When thy heart is vexed
With the confusion of the thoughtless world;
When thou art sickened of humanity,
Or burdened with the many ills of life,
Here let thy footsteps tend; for thou shalt find
Amid the quiet of this hallowed spot
An eloquence and sweet morality
Which shall beget within thee fresher thoughts
And firmer fortitude. Come hither when
The misty noontide burns in the blue hills,
And the flowers faint amid the grassy tombs
And by the roadside. Through this winding lane,
Whose dark and yielding soil is marked midway
With ruts and foot-prints, dandelions grow

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And gold-eyed daisies of the spring-tide crowd
Upon the beaten footpath. Here the gray
And stately mullen shows its flannel leaf
And lifts its saffron blossoms. Butterflies
Yellow as gold are here, amid the ooze,
Disporting in the sunshine, and beyond
Wide fields of corn are seen, and cottages
And meadows over which the soft wind runs
With a faint, fitful murmur. 'Tis a spot
Shut out from the great thoroughfares of men,
The highway, the country of the dead,
Where one by one the lovely are brought in
And laid in their last slumber!
As I tread
This barky path, white to the very edge
With nodding clover, I behold the graves
Of those who were borne hither long ago
To molder in the charnel. Reverend men,
Whose lives were full of faith, and they whom Death
Smote in a greener age, while life was full
Of promise for the future; dark-eyed youth,
And manhood in the glory of his prime,
All, all lie here in silence! I behold
The long, dark gate, through which, with struggling steps,
The uncovered bearers of the dead bore in
The polished coffin. Is it here they lie,
And are none left save me to muse upon
Their many virtues? Where are they who wept
Beside these heaped-up graves? Who saw the rough
Pine box receive the rich mahogany,
And heard the last words spoken? They are gone
To mingle in the vanities of life,
To follow mad ambition, and to seek

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The customs and the pleasures of the world,
As if no warning from the spirit-land
Had e'er given note of *their* mortality!
And who shall say who next of all that move
In yonder thoroughfares, shall join that train
Which hath gone down to slumber? Who may tell
The limits of this life's brief history,
Or say, "I still am young, and therefore death
Will find me not until a green old age
Hath touched my head with silver?" Come and read
The homilies which love hath chiseled here
Upon the gleaming marble! Let the dead
Make answer to thy boast; for yet a few
Short years, and thou shalt lie as low as they,
Beneath the grass and sunshine! Flowers shall bloom
Above thy head—the sweetest flowers of spring;
And winter here shall chide the hooded night
With the rough roar of tempests. Thou, meanwhile,
Shalt feed the long white coffin worm, that crawls
Lazily o'er thy stone-cold skeleton,
By all but him uncared for and forgotten!

Conscious Merit.—"When a stranger treats me with disrespect," said a philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but it is my old coat and shabby hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to admiration. So if my coat and hat choose to fret about it, let them—it is nothing to me." The philosopher with all his poverty was rich in wisdom.

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MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND.

THIS extraordinary lady was born at Stockholm. She was the child of two honest and laborious Swedes. Her father was a schoolmaster. She had scarcely attained the age of nine years when her future was already marked out for her. By chance, a Madame Lundberg, a Swedish actress, heard the child sing. She was struck by her singular abilities, and strove to open the eyes of her parents to the treasure which Heaven had given them. She did more. She introduced the little girl to Herr Crœlius, an eminent Swedish music-master. Surprised at her extraordinary talent, he introduced her at once into the *Ecôle Musicale*, attached to the Theater Royal, and there she received her musical education. Her first appearance on the stage was during these musical studies, when she played children's parts in vaudevilles. At the age of thirteen she lost her voice, and this for a time ended her hopes. She nevertheless continued her music for four years longer, with a view to teaching; and she was very successful as a teacher of singing.

About this time it happened that a concert was given in the Theater Royal. The fourth act of *Robert le Diable* was to be given at it, but a singer for the part of *Alice*, who has only a short ode in this act, was wanting. Her former master, remembering her, thought that the attempt might be ventured upon. What was

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his and her astonishment as she commenced the air, to find that her long-lost voice was restored to her. The surprised public recognized the silver notes of their former juvenile favorite, and the warmest applause followed the air. She was redemanded. Jenny sung, and sung it better. The next day the management placed the opera in rehearsal, and Mademoiselle Lind made her reappearance as a *prima donna*.

During the period of a year and a half the girl continued in this position, and then began to feel that she wanted more instruction. She accordingly left Stockholm for Paris, and placed herself in the hands of Signor Garcia. Garcia recognized her abilities, but thought little of her voice. After being one year under Garcia's care she returned home. Here she was warmly received, and now became the musical pride of Stockholm. Six months after, she was invited by Meyerbeer to appear at Berlin. To this she consented, and here begins the career with which all Europe is acquainted. Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Vienna, Copenhagen, and London have all witnessed triumphs greater than any previous singer had accomplished. Seats for her performances have been put up at auction. Boxes in London have sold for £15 and £20. Stalls have brought six and seven guineas. Such was her reputation, that the German critics have almost gone mad about her. She has become personally acquainted with four of the reigning monarchs of Europe, and has been received as a personal visitor at the court of the Queen of England.

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Jenny Lind is one of the most wonderful singers the world ever saw. Certainly, in modern times, she has not had her equal. So enchanting is the melody of her voice that people never tire of hearing her sing. Hence it is that in England, and on the Continent of Europe, as often as she has appeared in public, either in opera or at a concert, multitudes of enthusiastic admirers have esteemed it a privilege to be enabled to attend. For each of these concerts or performances she has realized above three hundred guineas (or $1500). It is, therefore, a little singular, that she has been induced to enter into an engagement with P. T. Barnum, Esq., of this city, to sing at one hundred and fifty concerts in America. For this service she is to receive one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, clear gain. That is, all the expenses of herself and suite of four persons, besides servants—including passage money, coach hire, wages of servants to wait upon her, hotel bills, etc.—all are to be paid by Mr. Barnum, in addition to the enormous sum above stated. Mr. Barnum has already deposited fifty thousand dollars with the Messrs. Rothschild, London bankers, to be forfeited in case he fails to fulfill his part of the agreement. The astounding price of one thousand dollars a performance was never before paid in this country to any body, and if Mr. Barnum makes any money by his contract with Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, all the prognostications of the "knowing ones" will be put at fault. To sum up, it is a wonder that the Swedish songster has consented to come to America at all, for a thousand dollars a con-

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cert—unless, indeed, she comes rather to see the new world, and the astonishing enterprise of the Yankees, than to accumulate a fortune. And it is a still greater wonder that a wealthy American manager should risk so large a sum on the European reputation of a singer. Although there will be a great curiosity and desire to hear her sing, by every body here, yet it will take very large audiences and a high price of admission to give the manager a profit on her concerts.

SEA SKETCH.

The breeze that wandered all that day
  Upon the blue wave's breast,
As moonlight stole upon the sea
  Sank quietly to rest.
The ocean's mighty pulse heav'd slow,
  Stirr'd by no fearful gale,
And idly hanging 'gainst the mast
  Was seen the snowy sail.

The coraage seemed like silver threads,
  Bathed in that gentle light;
Like a sea-bird, rocked our gallant ship
  When wearied in her flight;
Each moment on the glassy waves
  A sparkling light was seen,
As if from heaven a gem had dropp'd
  To beautify the scene!

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DECORATING THE GRAVE WITH FLOWERS.

THERE is a kind of pathos and touching tenderness of expression in the sweet and fragrant emblems of affection which language can not reach, and which is calculated to perpetuate a kind of sympathy between the living and the dead. It was an ancient custom to bury in gardens, and decorate the monuments of friends and persons of distinction with chaplets and garlands of flowers.

The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranths—the grave of Sophocles with roses and ivy—that of Anacreon with ivy and flowrets. Baskets of lilies, violets, and roses were placed in the graves of husbands and wives; white roses on those of unmarried females.

In Java they scatter flowers over the bodies of their friends. In China they still plant flowers on their graves. In Tripoli the tombs are decorated with garlands of roses, of Arabian jessamine, and orange, and myrtle flowers.

In the elegant church-yard in Wirfin, in the valley of Salza, in Germany, the graves are covered with oblong vases, which are planted with perennial shrubs, or renewed with annual flowers, and others are so dressed on fete days. Suspended from the ornaments are little vases of water, in which the flowers are kept fresh.

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Children are thus seen dressing the graves of their mothers, and mothers wreathing garlands for the graves of their children. A late traveler, in going into one of the church-yards in the village of Wirfin early in the morning, saw several persons decorating the graves of their friends—some who had been buried twenty years. Such scenes are profitable teachings for the affections.

This custom also prevails in Scotland, and North and South Wales. In Wales children's graves are dressed with snowdrops, primroses, violets, hazel-bloom, and swallow-blossoms. Persons of mature years have tansy, box, and rue. In South Wales no flowers are permitted to be planted on graves but those which are sweet scented. Pinks, sweet-williams, gilly-flowers, carnation, mignionette, thyme, hyssop, camomile, and rosemary are used. The red roses are appropriated to the graves of good and benevolent persons. They are often newly-dressed, weeded, and, if necessary, re-planted. It is considered sacrilege to disturb flowers thus planted.

In some parts of our own country there is beginning to be felt this respectful and affectionate regard to the grounds where our dead lie; and much has been done in some localities, that is indeed an honor to the places where such efforts have been made.

"Mount Auburn," near Boston, is a place of wonderful beauty, decorated with trees, flowers, and shrubs. Philadelphia has its "Laurel Hill," New York its "Greenwood." New Haven has expended a large amount on her "Silent City." Albany has made a be-

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ginning. Rochester has its "Mount Hope," and a number of other places are, I presume, thinking of their neglected grounds, and some have laid out and are improving places where their dead repose. But as yet they are far too destitute of *deeply-meaning flowers*, and shade trees have not yet, in many of them, been taught to spread their protecting vail over those that have been once treasured objects of their dearest affections.

HISTORICAL FACTS.

The first gazette of England was published at Oxford, Nov. 7th, 1665, the court being there on account of the plague. The word gazette originally meant a newspaper, or printed account of all the countries of the known world in a loose sheet or half sheet; but the name in England now is confined to that paper of news published by authority. It derived its name from Gazetta, a kind of small coin formerly current at Venice, which was the usual price of the first newspaper printed there. Ximenes, a Spanish statesman and cardinal under Ferdinand and Isabella, died at Roa, on the Duero, Old Castile, where he had founded a university, and at which he had caused the first Polyglot Bible to be printed. He was a liberal patron of literature, and a munificent contributor to charitable institutions.

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DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Her name had come to us across the Atlantic
Wave, borne on by Heaven's own breath, like a
Rich note in music. We had learned to love
Her like a friend whose absence made them dearer,
And now we mourn her loss from earth as when
A gentle spirit goes from our own home
To bless us here no more!
Oh, what a life was hers!
The earnest actings of a high-born soul
Guided by steady principle! It was
Not passed, reposing on the soft, luxurious
Lap of ease, or idle dreaming of the tears
And woes of others. It was not passed
In weak resolves and half-formed purposes
To benefit mankind, when wealth should pour
A larger stream, or worth should dignify
The needy and the suffering; but prompted
To her work by heavenly teaching, with
Willing heart and sweet obedience to the
Holy Word, she left her palace halls of wealth
And most refined allurement, where long
Her feet had pressed the richest texture, to
Tread the dungeon floor, where wretchedness and
Want despairing lay in gloom.
The heavy bolts and bars
With gratings harsh, and clanking chains appalled,
Her not in spirit, but for the love of Him
Whose love is strength, with eye uplifted to

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The Holy One, undaunted she went forth
Where bolder ones might fear to step. The prison
Doors upon their hinges turned, and through them
Passed her graceful form, of noble mien, not
To command or meet the gaze of awe, or
Wondering admiration, but to search out
And find the last forgotten of our race
Amid the loathsomeness of guilt, and lift
The fallen up to light, and peace, and joy,
Such as no worldling knows.

Her tones of love and kindly
Interest trembled on chords that ne'er had
Moved before. The stern, the strong, and guilty,
Listened to words of heavenly wisdom,
Won by her low, sweet voice, to calm and deep
Attention, until the Spirit's power opened their eyes
To see what they had never seen before—
The "sinfulness of sin," in God's most holy sight.
The wild and tempest ravings of the madman,
Fierce and loud, were hush'd to child-like stillness—
Thinking were heard the "Angels' voices"
Speaking the words of Heaven!

Sick—and in prison, she often
Went to them, as if her Lord was there; needing her
Warmest sympathy and love, pouring the "oil and wine"
Of consolation on the bruised in spirit, forgetting self
In doing good to others.

Her gentle pity did not single out
Its favorite objects, whose deep gratitude and tearful
Thanks makes it so blessed to give; but every child of
Want or woe shared in her bounty, that distill'd on
Aching hearts like night's soft dew on flowers.

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In each appeal her Saviour's
Voice was heard, moving her soul to deeds of
Charity and love, and she has heard Him
Say, that "inasmuch as these were warmed, and
Fed, and clothed, and visited in prison,
It has been done to Him." Oh, what reward
Is hers in this, His approbation, in that
Home of love! Wealth and renown, kingdoms
And conquered worlds are poor, compared to
Bliss like hers in those *approving words!*
She tunes her harp in harmony with heaven's
Sweet song of love, and in the softest strains
Of praise to Him whose earthly path she trod,
She bows in holy rapture at His throne,
Where tears of pity no more dim her eye.

VALUE OF DIAMONDS.—The Queen of Portugal has a diamond weighing eleven ounces, and which is valued at $2,000,000. This is supposed to be the largest ever discovered. The Emperor of Russia has one about the size of a pigeon's egg, which is worth $730,000. The late King of the French has the celebrated Pitt diamond, which cost his family $600,000. The Pigott diamond, now in possession of Queen Victoria, is valued at £40,000, or nearly $200,000. It has recently been discovered in Brazil, that the bottom of a river, which winds among the mountains of that country, abounds in the finest kind of diamonds; so abundantly are they found, that the price has become materially reduced in that country.

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AN INTERESTING INCIDENT FROM THE MINES.

In Hungary, there recently occurred the following affecting and most extraordinary circumstance in the mining district.

In opening a communication between two mines, the corpse of a young man apparently about twenty years of age was found, in a situation indicating that he had perished by an accidental falling in of the mine.

The body was in a state of softness and pliability, the features fresh and undistorted, and the whole body completely preserved, as is supposed from the impregnation with the vitriolic water of the mine. When exposed to the air the body became stiff, but the features and general appearance were not discomposed. The person of the deceased was not recognized by any one present; but an indistinct recollection of the accident by which the sufferer had been engulfed in the bowels of the earth more than half a century before, was prolonged by tradition among the miners and the country people. Further inquiry was here dropped, and the necessary arrangements made to inter the body with the customary rites of burial. At this moment, to the astonishment of all present, there suddenly appeared a decrepit old woman, of a neighboring village, who, supported by crutches, had left her bedridden couch, to which infirmities had for years confined her, and advanced to the scene with feelings of joy, and

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grief, and of anxiety so intensely painted on her aged face, as to give her the appearance of an inspired person, and with an alacrity which seemed truly miraculous.

She gazed upon the corpse for an instant, and, sweeping the long hair from its forehead to obtain a more perfect view of its features, her whole countenance became, as it were, supernaturally lighted up, and in the midst of hysteric cries and sobs, she declared the body to be that of a young man to whom she had been engaged by the ties of mutual affection and the promise of marriage more than sixty years before! In the intervals of gushing floods of tears, and the fainting fits of her exhausted frame, she poured out thanks to Heaven that she had again beheld the object of her earliest affections, and declared that she could now descend to the tomb content. The powers of life were now prostrated by her agitated feelings and exertion, and she was borne homeward by the villagers; but ere she proceeded far from the object of her solicitude, she was in a state to join him. Her spirit, as if satisfied, had fled; and the affectionate pair, whom misfortune had rent asunder, were now housed in one grave.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles—what folly to make enemies by frowns!

If you would live happily, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

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FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

A FEW years since, a celebrated physician being desirous of adding experimental to his theoretical knowledge, made application to the Minister of Justice to be allowed the opportunity of proving what he had asserted, by the experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister complied with his request, and delivered over to him an assassin, a man who had been born of distinguished parents. The physician told him that several persons who had taken an interest in his family had obtained leave of the minister that he should suffer death in some other way than on the scaffold, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution, and that the easiest death he could die, would be blood-letting. The criminal agreed to the proposal, and counted himself happy in being freed from the painful exhibition which would otherwise be made of him, and rejoicing at thus being able to spare the feelings of his friends and family. At the time appointed, the physician repaired to the prison, and the patient having been extended on a table, his eyes bound, and every thing ready, he was slightly pricked near the principal veins of the legs and arms, with the point of a pin. At the four corners of the table, were four little fountains filled with water, from which issued small streams, falling into basins placed there to receive them. The patient, thinking it was his blood that trickled into the basins, became weaker by degrees; and the remarks of medic-

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al men in attendance, in reference to the quality and appearance of the blood, to make the deception complete, increased the symptoms, and he spoke more and more faintly, until his voice at length was scarcely audible. The profound silence which reigned in the apartment, and the constant dropping of the fountains, had so extraordinary an effect on the brain of the poor patient, that all his vital energies were soon gone, although before a very strong man, and he *died*, without having lost a single *drop* of blood.

MRS. OSGOOD'S LAST POEM.

We publish below the last lines of the departed poetess, Frances Sargent Osgood. It will be seen from this poem, that Mrs. Osgood had a full premonition of her approaching end. She was aware that she would not live to see the roses of June. Her presentiment has been fulfilled. She saw the white and crimson blossoms and the green buds of the young spring, but not its fruits and flowers. She well knew, however, that they would come forth in their season, though her mortal senses might be sealed to their hues and their fragrance; and she was equally assured that there was a life within the husk of our animal organization, which would bloom imperishably when our material part was dust and ashes. Strong in this faith, she welcomed "death's gracious angel" with a serenity and child-like trust. Long will her many friends la-

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ment her early departure, and feel how "blessings brighten as they take their leave," and that

"When such friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies!"

The lines which follow, were addressed to "a lovely young girl, who came one evening to amuse her by making paper flowers and teaching her to make them. You know how much she loved the beautiful."

You've woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you none can say,
Save only the All-seeing.

May He who gave this lovely gift,
This love of lovely doings,
Be with you whereso'er you go,
In every hope's pursuings!

I'm going through the eternal gates
Ere June's sweet roses blow!
Death's lovely angel leads me there—
And it is sweet to go.

ROYAL FUNERAL.—The body of Radama, King of Madagascar, was deposited in a *silver coffin*, all made of Spanish dollars, *twenty thousand* of which were employed in the construction. Ten thousand hard dollars were laid in the coffin for him to lie upon. The whole expense was not less than £60,000.

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THE BURIAL OF WM. L. STONE, ESQ., AT SARATOGA.

They bore him up, by a winding road,
To a burial in the wood;
And the tall pines cast their shade around,
To hallow the solitude.

Away from the town, and the waters bright,
Where fashion and beauty cling,
Remote from the thoughtless multitude,
And the gayeties of the spring.

'Tis a new-made ground—a mile away—
And stumps and trees stand round,
As monuments of the forest sway
Upon that virgin ground.

And it is well; it would never suit
The spirit that slumbers there,
To lie in the noise and hot pursuit
Of empty pride and care.

For though he took note of the world's advance,
And the heaving surges of life,
Its manners and politics, business and moil,
His was not a spirit of strife.

He looked upon morals, letters, and men,
With a deeper and holier view;
And sought by his counsel, and aimed by his pen,
To show forth the good and the true.

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To better mankind, by example and word,
Was still the firm aim of his life;
And there were but few who succeeded as well—
Nay, *his* was no spirit of strife.

In the long, dark shades of the whispering pine,
In the winding forest recess,
It was tasteful to find out a peaceful spot,
A spot that the good may bless.

The ancient wood-genii shall wake up to life,
And join with the white man to weep
O'er one who remembered the red sons of strife,
And scattered fresh bays where they sleep.

And oft shall the fair and the wise thither go,
Away from the circles they trod,
To pay the fond tribute of heartfelt regret
To one who rejoiced in his God. H. R. S.

A THRILLING APPEAL.

BY J. ORVILLE TAYLOR.

MEN of wealth, of learning, pour instruction upon the heads of the people—you owe them that baptism. Look at that boy in the gutter! hatless, shoeless; he is a part of our king, and a part of our sovereignty. Should he not receive a sovereign's education? Should he not be prepared for the throne our institutions have given him? There is a gem in every human form—let the diamond be polished, and it will shine in truth and beauty. Teach and habituate the people to make a right use of the faculties which

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God has given them, and then trust them fearlessly to themselves.

"Uneducated mind is educated vice," for God made man to know. He is the creature of instruction; for in a right education there is a divine alchemy which turns all the baser part of man's nature into gold.

We are told by the ancients, that as soon as the first rays of the morning sun fell upon the statue of Memnon, it sent up music. It is after the first rays of knowledge fall upon man that his nature discourses harmony—all before is the darkness of barbarism.

All can see that wickedness leads to misery, yet very few find out that which is equally certain, that ignorance leads to misery, and misery to wickedness. Dr. Johnson was once asked, "Who is the most miserable man?" and the reply of the sage was, "That man who can not read on a rainy day." The writer was once passing through a park, and saw nailed to one of the trees this warning: "All dogs found in this park will be shot." A friend who was with us remarked, "Unless dogs can read, they are pretty badly off here." Now God has not only written His laws upon the trees, but in the stars, and in the flowers; His laws are about us and beneath us; on our right hand and on our left; and if a *man* is not able to read, he is pretty badly off here.

A maxim of more truth and force than any other I ever remember to have seen, was thrown out by a British statesman, a man who in learning was vivid, varied, and philosophical, and who in conversation threw

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out more gems, sparkling and brilliant as they came, than any other man of his age. His profound apothegm was, that "*Education is the cheap defense of nations*, and if I might put a truism by the side of this, I would say it is cheaper to educate the infant mind than to support the aged criminal. Yes, bestow the *pence* on common schools, and save the *pounds* on prisons.

"The ignorant child, left to grow up darkening into the deeper ignorance of manhood, with all its jealousies and narrow-mindedness, and its superstitions, and its penury of enjoyments; poor, amid the intellectual and moral riches of the universe; blind, in this splendid temple which God has lighted up, and famishing, amid the profusions of Omnipotence."

"Oh, woe for those who trample on the mind
That fearful thing! They know not what they do
Nor what they deal with—
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there."

MY CHILD.

BY J. TEMPLE AGER

My child lay dead! her gentle eyelid closed,
Like one who on a bed of down reposed;
No altered feature could my fancy trace,
For e'on in death she showed a beauteous grace.
There was the form I'd pressed unto my heart
Still left to me—God took the better part;
And while the mortal clay to earth was given,
Her pure young spirit soared to live in heaven.

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ON THE DEATH OF DR. WEBSTER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A GREAT and good man falleth. Suddenly,
Yet well prepared, he quits his hold on time;
And to the house not made with hands goes *forth.*
Life still was sweet, for round his pleasant home
Spring showered her buds, and filled each shadowing bough
With living music, while beside his hearth
Love, with a changeless smile, his coming hailed,
Or watched for his return.

In calm research,
And toils that multiply the lettered page,
Years swept so lightly by, that age forgot
Its wonted tax—and he had never paid
That subsidy which weighs the spirit down—
Wrinkle, nor failing footsteps, nor cold glance
On passing things. Still 'twas his joy to seek
For others' good, and leave behind such deeds
As live and brighten for posterity.
He loved his country with a patriot's warmth,
For he remembered well those days of dread
Conflict, and peril, and adversity
Which stronger knit the soul than prosperous times.
So 'mid his parting hours were thoughts of her,
Hopes for her welfare, prayers in her behalf
From earnest lips.

I saw his open grave,
'Neath the deep shadow of funereal trees,

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And the dense throngs that did him honor there—
Statesman, and sage, and scholar; not alone
Brows marked with thought, but hands with toil embrown'd,
Did show the pulses of the public heart,
Sorrowing for him. And it was sweet to see,
With serious port, the children from the schools,
Ranged two and two, in long procession wind,
Following the hearse.
'Tis meet that you should feel,
Buds from your country's stem, that one is gone,
Who freely to the forming mind had given
A better gift than hordes of glittering ore,
For robbery and rust. 'Tis well to mourn
Such benefactors, and your tribute pay
Of reverence, to virtue, and to age—
Knowledge and truth, and tireless industry,
And Christian faith. These are true wealth, my sons,
True glory—and beside his sepulcher,
Soon to close upon its sacred trust,
Ask for that Holy Spirit which doth move
Unto good works—that when ye sleep in clay,
Your memory may be blessed by many hearts
Like his for whom ye mourn.

DAHLIAS.—It is a little more than twenty years since the first dahlia was introduced into Europe, and already it is a universal favorite among the florists. It is a native of the marshes of Peru, and was called after Dahl, the celebrated Swedish botanist. The number of known varieties is nearly five hundred!

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DESTRUCTION OF SCIO.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

Scio was one of the largest, richest, and most beautiful islands of the Grecian Archipelago. It contained, at the commencement of the Greek revolution, 120,000 inhabitants. Extensive commerce brought to the island the treasures of the East and West, and her opulent families, refined in manners by European travel, and with minds highly cultivated, afforded the most intelligent and fascinating society of the East. Schools flourished upon the island, and richly endowed colleges were crowded with Grecian youth. The traveler, lured by the moonlight of that gorgeous clime to an evening stroll through the streets of Scio, heard from the dwellings of the wealthy Greeks, the tones of the piano and guitar, touched by fingers skilled in all the polite accomplishments. Many of these families were living in the enjoyment of highly cultivated minds and polished manners, rendered doubly attractive by all the establishments of wealth.

The Grecian revolt extended to this island, and Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon signal vengeance. He proclaimed to all the desperadoes of the Bosphorus, that the inhabitants of Scio, male and female, with all their possessions, were to be entirely surrendered to the adventurers who would embark for its destruction. Ten thousand assassins, the very refuse of creation, were

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collected; and thousands followed on in schooners, sloops, and fishing boats, swelling the number to fifteen thousand men, to join in the sack and carnage.

It was a lovely afternoon in the month of April, 1822, when the fleet was seen on the bosom of the Ægean, approaching Scio. It anchored in the bay, and immediately vomited forth upon those ill-fated shores the murderous hordes collected for their destruction. Who can imagine the horrors of the night which ensued? The brutal mob, frenzied with licentiousness, were let loose, with unrestrained liberty, to glut their vengeance. The city was fired in every direction. Indiscriminate massacre ensued.

Men, women, and children were shot down without mercy. Every house was entered, every apartment was ransacked. The cimeter and pistol of the Turk were everywhere busy. The frantic cries of the perishing rose above the roar of the artillery and musketry, and the clamor of the onset. Mothers and daughters, in despair, rushed into the flames of their burning dwellings. And thus, for six days and nights, did the dreadful work of extermination continue, till the city and the island of Scio were a heap of ruins.

Several thousands of the youth of both sexes were saved to be sold as slaves. The young men, taken from the literary seclusion and intellectual refinement of the College of Scio, were sold to the degrading servitude of hopeless bondage. The young ladies, taken from the parlors of their opulent parents, from the accomplishments of highly cultivated life, and who had

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visited the refined circles of London and Paris, who had been brought up as delicately, says an English writer, "as luxuriously, and almost as intellectually, as those of the same classes among ourselves, became the property of the most ferocious and licentious outcasts of the human race."

Forty-one thousand were thus carried into slavery. For weeks and months they were sold, through all the marts of the Turkish empire, like cattle in the shambles.

As the fleet returned to Constantinople, from its murderous excursion, the whole city was on the alert to witness the triumphant entrance. As the leading ship rounded the point of land which brought it into view, many captured Greeks were seen standing on the deck, with ropes around their necks, and suddenly they were strung up to the bowsprit and yard-arm, struggling in the agonies of death. And thus, as ship after ship turned the point, the struggling forms of dying men swung in the breeze. These were the horrid ornaments and trophies of barbarian triumphs.

In view of them, the very shores of the Bosphorus seemed to be shaken by the explosion of artillery, and by the exulting shouts of the millions of inhabitants who thronged the streets of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari.

These outrages, however, terminated the sway of the Turk over the Greek. They aroused through all Europe a universal cry of horror and detestation. The sympathy of the people was so intense, that the governments of England and France could no longer refuse to

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interfere. Their fleets were allied with that of Russia. The Turkish fleet was annihilated at Navarino, and Greece was free.

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

Young mother, he is gone!
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast—
No more the music tone
Float from his lips to thine, all fondly press'd;
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee—
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour;
And he hath passed in beauty from the day
A bud, not yet a flower—
Torn, in its scantiness, from the parent spray;
The death wind swept him to his soft repose,
As frost in spring-time blights the early rose.

Never on earth again
Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,
Like some Æolian strain,
Breathing at even-tide serene and clear;
His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
A gladness must dispart,
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim—

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While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet mourner! while the day
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
And Hope forbids one ray
To stream athwart the grief-discolored sky,
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom
A trembling luster from beyond the tomb.

MRS. FRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEN AND INK SKETCHES."

HER name is a familiar one in every circle of humanity. She has long passed her grand climacteric, but years sit lightly on her calm, pleasant-looking face. As her bonnet is removed, we can see her features without any obstruction. Beneath the close, plain, Quaker cap is seen, through the fine material, her gray hair, which is simply parted in front, over her intelligent forehead. Her eyes are dark gray, and peculiarly sweet and mild in their expression. There is a quiet benevolence about the mouth, and, old as she is, she might almost be called pretty. Her dress is scrupulously plain and neat. A lavender-colored gown, a pearl-white shawl, and a simple net or muslin kerchief, being all that is visible. It is Mrs. Fry, the celebrated female visitor of prisons and lunatic asylums.

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Quiet and unobtrusive as she appears, she has spent a great portion of her life in going about doing good. Where bold men have hesitated to lift up their voices, there have her mild, persuasive tones been heard. It must have been a strange and striking sight, to have witnessed a recent scene in Newgate. The King of Prussia, on a recent visit to England, went to see the great metropolitan prison, and there met Mrs. Fry, who was engaged in imparting instruction to the female prisoners. At her invitation, the monarch and his attendants knelt down in that assembly of felons, while Mrs. Fry offered up an extemporaneous prayer. It must have been a strange sight, alike for the sovereign and the criminals, to witness each other bowing before the Maker of them both, in so gloomy a sanctuary. There is a beautiful anecdote connected with Mrs. Fry, which I am tempted to relate here. It is the habit of that lady, when she visits a lunatic asylum, to sit quietly and calmly among the poor people, however turbulent and noisy they may be, and commence, in her low, musical voice, reading the Bible. Her tones generally soon attract attention, and order is gradually produced. On one of these occasions, a young man was observed to listen very attentively; and, ordinarily one of the most violent of the patients, he became subdued, even to tears. When Mrs. Fry ceased reading, this poor maniac exclaimed to her, "*Hush, the angels have lent you their voices!*" Perhaps a more beautiful, or more truly poetic compliment has never been paid to *philanthropy*.

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A MOTHER'S MEMORIES.

BY FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

The blossoms hung again upon the tree,
As when with their sweet breath they greeted me,
Against my casement on that sunny morn,
When thou, first blossom of my spring, wast born.
And as I lay, panting from the fierce strife
With death and agony that won thy life,
Their sunny clusters hung on their brown bough,
E'en as upon my breast, my May-bud thou.
They seem to me thy sisters, oh, my child!
And now the air full of their fragrance mild,
Recalls that hour; a tenfold agony
Pulls at my heart-strings as I think of thee.
Was it in vain? Oh, was it all in vain!
That night of hope, of terror, and of pain,
When from the shadowy boundaries of death,
I brought thee safely, breathing living breath
Upon my heart—it was a holy shrine,
Full of God's praise—they laid thee, treasure mine!
And from its tender depths the blue heaven smiled,
And the white blossoms bowed to thee, my child,
And solemn joy of a new life was spread,
Like a mysterious halo round that bed.
And now how is it, since eleven years
I have steeped that memory in bitterest tears?
Alone, heart-broken, on a distant shore,
Thy childless mother sits lamenting o'er
Flowers, which the spring calls from this foreign earth,
The twins, that crown'd the morning of thy birth.

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How is it with thee—lost—lost—precious one,
In thy fresh spring-time growing up alone?
What warmth unfold'st thee? What dews are shed,
Like love and patience, over thy young head?
What holy springs feed thy young life?
What shelters thee from passion's deadly strife?
What guards thy growth, straight, strong, and full and free,
Lovely and glorious, oh, my fair young tree?
God—Father—thou who by this awful fate
Has lopp'd, and stripp'd, and left me desolate,
In the dark, bitter floods that o'er my soul
Their billows of despair triumphant roll,
Let me not be o'erwhelmed! Oh, they are thine,
These jewels of my life—not mine—not mine!
So keep them, that the blossoms of their youth
Shall in a gracious growth of love and truth,
With an abundant harvest honor thee.

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.—It is notorious, that indulged children become hard-hearted, ungrateful, cruel to their parents in advanced life. There is no true and abiding love toward a parent where there is not genuine respect for authority. They claim it as a right to have their wishes gratified; they revenge refusal. They have not been "trained up in the way they should go," and the consequence is, a growing rebellion to the authorities over them—first to their parents, then to their teachers; then between them and their Bible; then between them and their God, and this breach gradually widens to an impassable gulf.

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COLUMBUS.

AMONG all the men who, uniting goodness with greatness, have blessed and honored the world with their presence, there are few whose memories are more deserving of honor and regard than the great discoverer, Columbus.

Genoa, in Italy, claims the honor of being his birthplace, and 1435 is supposed to have been the year of his nativity. At the age of fourteen his nautical life commenced by voyages in the Mediterranean; but his enterprising spirit carried him into the northern seas.

Afterward he sailed to Madeira, the Canaries, the Azores, and the Portuguese settlements on the African continent. In one of the streets of Funchal is still shown the house that sheltered him during his visits to that island.

His subsequent life is known to every reader. His patient study, his profound foresight, his enterprising spirit, the many trials and sufferings which he met, the fetters he wore, the cruel neglect that he experienced at the hands of those who should have honored him, are familiar to the recollections of those who love to reflect upon the mutability and uncertainty of earthly honors. Posterity has done ample justice to the memory of the great discoverer. His ashes repose in the cathedral of Havana, in Cuba, whither they were removed from St. Domingo in 1795, and his name is great as far as civilization extends throughout the world.

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CONFLAGRATION OF A THEATER AT ST. PETERSBURG.

THE fire broke out behind the scenes, and the director of the theater ordered the curtain, at the back of the stage, to be drawn up, that every one might be aware of the imminence of the danger. The smoke and flames poured out toward the body of the house. Laughter was suddenly turned into pallid fear, and shrieks of horror burst from the bosoms of thousands who but now had been convulsed with mirth. Grasping what was dearest to them, all rushed toward the outlets.

These were too few for the magnitude of the theater, and it was but slowly that the foremost made way for those behind them. So much the more rapidly did the flames communicate to the resinous fir planks, and, advancing from scene to scene, they soon penetrated into the body of the theater, still swarming with people. One of the large folding doors at the entrance, which opened inward, had, in the confusion, been pushed to, and resisted all efforts to open it. Thus only half of the main entrance was available for escape in this critical moment, and the retreat of the audience was of course proportionally delayed.

The police would not at first suffer private individuals to render assistance, that they might keep the conduct of the business to themselves. A tradesman, however, contrived with a spade to break down a board on one side of the building, and to drag sixty half-suffo-

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cated persons out through the aperture, with imminent peril to his own life. The Emperor Nicholas rewarded the worthy man with an order and a pension of two thousand roubles. Meanwhile, the people in the street became aware that the matter was no joke. The fearful tidings spread through the city, that Lehman's theater was on fire, and that thousands were likely to perish. It is impossible to conceive the consternation and despair that seized all Petersburg! There was not a family but what one or more of its members might be among the wretched sufferers. When the emperor, on the first news of the fire, hastened from the Winter Palace to the spot, women ran up to him, and cried, "Save, save, save! My son is among them! My husband is there! My brother is not yet out." "Children," replied the emperor, "I will save all I can."

When the fire was over, when the flames and life were extinct, and all who were within lay in a burned and "charred heap," the melancholy business of removing the dead was commenced. The sight is said to have been beyond all idea harrowing and appalling when, on clearing away the timbers which had fallen in, the mass of bodies was gradually discovered. They were pulled out, one by one, with hooks; some were completely carbonized; others roasted; many had only the hair of the head singed; many, with glazed eyes, burned hair, and charred faces, had on their holiday clothes and decorations, which the flames had not reached, on account of the close pressure of the throng. These presented a far more repulsive spectacle than

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those that were entirely burned. In that part of the building which the flames spared, were found dense masses of bodies, still standing upright, like ghosts or shades from the nether world. A female was found with her head hanging over the gallery, and holding her handkerchief over her face.

A gentleman who witnessed the operation of clearing away the bodies, told me that he could not touch food for three days, so frightful were the images that had incessantly haunted him afterward; and a lady who had looked in from a distance, was so shocked, that she became delirious, and raved for several days, both sleeping and waking.

The number of the victims was subsequently stated to be three hundred; but a person told me that he counted with his own eyes fifty carts, each of which contained from ten to fifteen bodies. People who pretend to know from good authority, represented the number so large, that I dare not repeat it, lest it be thought too large to be probable.

Too much Truth.—Concerning nothing do we come at more false conclusions than woman's cheerfulness. How many are there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who, with bright joyous eyes, flee into a corner that there they may pour out a flood of grief, and thus pay for an hour of smiles by nights of tears!

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REMOVED, BUT LOST NOT.

INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

BY D. PARISH BARHYDT.

While ringing out its merry laugh
Adown a mountain's side,
There was a gentle rivulet
In cavern seen to glide.

The travelers on the beaten path
Behold with pangs of grief
A thing of beauty pass away,
And mourn that life is brief.

Then rising from the shrine of prayer,
Adown Life's hill of gloom,
Along a course hope-lighted, see
Anew fair flowrets bloom.

Life's journey ended, they have reached
A flower-gemmed valley fair;
By unseen channels linked to depths
Drank streamlets purled there.

Within this vale celestial, see
A diamond lake is set—
The silvery fount that feeds it is
That gentle rivulet!

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

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OLE BULL.

BY L. M. CHILD.

THE violin now in possession of Ole Bull was made to the order of Cardinal Aldobrandini, of a noble family at Rome, memorable for their patronage of the fine arts. He gave for it three thousand Neapolitan ducats, and presented it to the treasury of Inspruck, when it became a celebrated curiosity, under the name of the "Treasury Chamber violin." When that city was taken by the French, it was carried to Vienna and sold to a wealthy Bohemian, whose splendid collection of rare and ancient stringed instruments had attracted universal attention in the musical world. The gem of his museum was this violin, manufactured by Da Salo, and sculptured by Cellini. He was offered immense sums for it by English, Russian, and Polish noblemen, but to all such offers he answered by demanding the price of half Vienna.

A few years ago Ole Bull gave fifteen concerts in Vienna, with the brilliant success which usually attends him. The Bohemian, who went with the crowd to hear him, was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius, and soon became personally acquainted with him. Until then he had considered himself the most learned man in Europe in the history of violins. But with Ole Bull, love of the violin had been an absorbing passion from his earliest childhood. He never saw one of

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a novel shape, or heard one with a new tone, without studying into the causes of the tone, and the effects produced by the shape. Through every nook and corner of Italy he sought for new varieties for his favorite instrument, as eagerly as an Oriental merchant seeks for rare pearls.

He had tried all manner of experiments; he knew at sight the tuneful qualities of every species of wood, and precisely how the slightest angle or curve in the fashion of an instrument would affect the sound. He imparted to the Bohemian amateur much information that was new and valuable; and this sympathy of tastes and pursuits produced a warm friendship between them. Of course Ole looked with a longing eye on the oldest and best of his violins; but the musical antiquarian loved it like an only child. He could not bring himself to sell it at that time, but he promised that if he ever did part with it, the minstrel of Norway should have the preference over every other man in the world. He died two years afterward, and a letter from his son informed Ole Bull that his dying father remembered the promise he had given. He purchased it forthwith, and it was sent to him at Leipsic.

On the head of this curious violin is carved and colored an angel's face, surrounded with flowing curls of hair. Behind this figure, leaning against the shoulder, is a very beautiful little mermaid, the human form of which terminates in scales of green and gold. The neck of the instrument is ornamented with arabesques in blue, red, and gold. Below the bridge is a mermaid in bronze.

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Altogether, it has the rich look of the middle ages, and would have been a royal gift for some princely troubadour. Amateurs praise its fine proportions, and it is universally admitted to be the most valuable violin in the world.

The other violin, which he brought to the United States with him, is a Cremona, made in 1742 by the famous manufacturer, Joseph Guarnerius. The diamonds in the bow, forty-five in number, were presented to Ole Bull by the Queen of Norway and Sweden. He owns several others. To hear him talk of his violins, one would suppose he was describing a band of beloved human beings, or a collection of rare singing birds at the least. No other instrument has inspired musicians with such enthusiastic and absorbing affection, for no other gives such full utterance to the yearnings of the heart.

His passion for violins manifested itself at a very early age. A maternal uncle, who was passionately fond of music, frequently had quartette clubs at his house. He played well on the violoncello, and had a curious collection of rare instruments. He loved to amuse himself with little Ole's extreme susceptibility to music. When he was three years old, he often put him in the violoncello case, and hired him with sweetmeats to stay there while he played. But the candy could not keep him quiet long. The eyes gradually kindled, and the little feet began to beat time. At last his nervous excitement would become too great to admit of his staying in the case. The music was dancing all

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through him, and he must give it utterance. When he returned home he would seize the yard-measure, and with a small stick for a bow, endeavor to imitate what his uncle had played. He heard it with the inward ear all the time; but for fear his parents were not so pervaded with the tune as he himself was, he would explain as he went along, telling how beautifully the bass came in at such and such a place. At five years old, his uncle bought him a very small violin, as yellow as a lemon. He says he never felt carried up into the third heaven as he did when his own little hand first brought out a tune from that yellow violin. He loved it, and kissed it, it seemed so beautiful, that little yellow violin! To the surprise of the family, he immediately played well upon it, though he had received no instruction. He had always been present at the family concerts, and he observed every thing and remembered every thing. On his little yellow violin he played a quartette of Pleyel's to the assembled club, and they inquired, with astonishment, who had taught the child; for they knew not that God had taught him by a process as simple as that of the mocking-bird.

When he was eight years old, a Frenchman arrived in Bergen with violins for sale. One of them, bright red in its color, gained the boy's heart at first sight, and he pleaded with his father till he consented to buy it. It was purchased late in the afternoon, and put away in its case. Ole slept in a small bed in the same apartment with his parents, and the much coveted instrument was in an adjoining room. "I could not

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sleep," said he, "for thinking of my new violin. When I heard father and mother breathing deep, I rose softly and lighted a candle, and in my night-clothes did go on tip-toe to open the case and take one little peep. The violin was so red, and the little pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the strings just a little with my fingers. It smiled at me even more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me, that it would be pleasant to try it across the strings. So I did try it just a very little, and it did sing to me so sweetly! Then I did creep farther away from the bed-room. At first I did play very soft. I made very, very little noise. But presently I did begin a cappriccio, which I like very much; and it did go ever louder and louder, and I forgot that it was midnight, and that every body was asleep. Presently I hear something go crack! and the next minute I feel my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor and was broken. I weep much for it, but it did no good. They did have a doctor to it next day, but it never recovered its health."

Ole Bull never learned to read music by the usual method. From infancy he had been accustomed to hear music frequently, and he knew the sound of each written note long before he could call it by name. At ten years old, a foreign music-master urged upon his father the necessity of having him taught scientifically.

The attempt was accordingly made. He was instructed how to hold his violin and handle his bow according to rule, and was told he must leave off impro-

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vising, and practice by note. He could at that time play a cappriccio of Paganini's, considered impracticable by older and skillful performers; but nothing would come to him by mechanical process. His genius positively refused to go into the strait jacket, and when his father and teacher coaxed and scolded, the nervous child at last screamed with agony.

This untamable freedom was his earliest characteristic, and will probably remain strongest to the last. At school, the confinement of four walls would sometimes press upon him so, that he would suddenly spring out of the window into God's sunshine and free air. He would leap fences, swim rivers, scale precipices, turn somersets, and climb to the tops of high trees, to rock himself in the wind. The manner he dived and rushed about, caused the family to bestow on him the name of "The *Bat.*"

It is this abhorrence of fetters which imparts to his genius that freshness and overleaping life which is its greatest charm. Critics complain that he pays no attention to the rules, but the public everywhere agree that they do not care for this, so long as the glow of his music warms and electrifies their souls.

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When obliged to blame, let your manner show you do it with reluctance.

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MEMOIR OF MRS. HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE was born in 1744, at the village of Stapleton, Gloucestershire. She was the youngest of five sisters, none of whom entered into the marriage state. Her father, who died while she was young, was a clergyman, eminent for his classical attainments, and equally eminent for the excellence of his character and disposition. Very early in life, Hannah evinced a taste for literature, and an insatiable appetite for books. She speedily devoured the contents of her father's library, and then had recourse to those of some friends in the village of Hannam, near Bristol. It is said that Richardson's "Pamela" was the first book that fell in her way, and that inspired her with a passion for reading. As she grew up toward womanhood, her remarkable attainments and excellent character attracted the esteem and admiration of her neighbors, and becoming more widely known, acquired for her the patronage of persons of superior station and talent. Her sisters, who, though less gifted than she, were amiable and clever women, had in the mean time opened a small school, which, as their reputation increased, was relinquished for one of higher pretensions. While they were engaged in tuition, she was trying her powers in the composition of verse. At the age of seventeen, she completed her "Search after Happiness," and her "Sacred Dramas;" but they were not published until

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some time after, and were designed for female boarding-schools.

About the year 1766, the Misses More had acquired so much celebrity as instructors of youth, that, on the recommendation of several ladies of fortune and discernment, they removed to Bristol, and opened a boarding-school in Park Street. In a short time it was esteemed the first establishment of the kind in the west of England, and was selected by many persons of rank for the education of their daughters.

Miss Hannah More accompanied her sisters to Bristol, where she acquired the friendship of Dr. Stonehouse, a gentleman from whose urbanity, influence, and general knowledge she derived material worldly advantages. He it was that prepared for the press her first work, the "Search after Happiness." The success of this poem encouraged her to repeat the experiment on public favor, by publishing a legendary tale, something after the manner of Goldsmith's "Edwin and Angelina."

She was honored with the intimate acquaintance of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, and of many other highly eminent individuals, who equally appreciated her amiable qualities and superior intellect. Her first work of a didactic nature was entitled "Essays to Young Ladies." To this succeeded an anonymous volume, "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," which excited much interest and curiosity. Some attributed it to the Bishop of London, others to the late Mr. Wilberforce. It was afterward traced to the mas-

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culine pen of Miss Hannah More. Its object was to expose and correct the licentious manners of the great, proving that she had not moved in fashionable circles with perfect satisfaction of mind. Before this volume appeared, Miss Hannah More and her sisters, by their reputation and industry, first in Bristol and afterward in Bath, had realized sufficient property to enable them to retire from public life, and purchase a residence, called "Barley Wood," delightfully situated at the foot of the Mendip Hills. They found it in a wild, uncultivated state; but by the exertions of their taste, it was clothed with order and fertility. The following description has been given by a visitor at "Barley Wood:"

"The cottage, though covered with thatch, is exceedingly neat and tasteful; and both within and without wears all the appearance of simple elegance. It occupies a situation on the gentle declivity of an eminence, and commands a view of the village of Wrington, a short distance below, and a richly variegated country, with an extensive horizon. The selection of this spot, the plan of the cottage, and the arrangement of the grounds are due to the ingenuity and talent of the sisters, and reflect the highest credit upon their taste and judgment.

"The village at the foot of the hill contains an old Gothic church, and provides them with all the facilities of mere neighborhood, at a convenient distance. The house is large enough for all the purposes of domestic comfort and hospitality. The walls of the sitting-room below are ornamented with the portraits of their most

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distinguished friends. Among these favorites, I noticed particularly the likenesses of William Wilberforce, Elizabeth Carter, Richard Reynolds, and Henderson, the celebrated youthful genius of Bristol. Hannah's room, into which we were introduced for the sake of a more complete prospect of the country, contained her library, which I should estimate at least at a thousand volumes. It consists of the most select works upon theology and general literature. She showed us a letter from a Russian princess, written with her own hand, in broken English, solely to acknowledge the pleasure and benefit the works of Hannah More had afforded her. Every thing within and about the cottage—the furniture, the needle-work, the flowers—bears the impression of taste and activity. We pursued the windings of a gravel walk among the shrubberies, and reposed ourselves on seats in rustic arbors, from which glimpses are obtained of the expanded valley below. In an open spot, at one of the turns in the walk, was a neat but plain monument to the memory of Bishop Porteus, who had been their particular friend; and in another place a more costly stone was erected to the memory of John Locke. This was a present to these sisters from Lady Montague; and a very appropriate place is it for its erection; for in an old thatched house adjoining the church-yard, in the village of Wrington, did that great man draw his first breath. His mother while traveling was constrained to take up her residence in this house, until her child was old enough for her to pursue the journey."

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Perhaps the highest testimony to the talents and virtues of Hannah More was borne by Bishop Porteus, who strongly recommended her as every way qualified to superintend the education of the Princess Charlotte. Besides other numerous works, she gave to the world her "Christian Morals," in two volumes, which can not be excelled, and will be read with pleasure and improvement till latest time.

But literary occupation did not absorb her whole time in the delightful retirement of Barley Wood. She instituted a number of schools in the vicinity, at which many hundreds of children were educated under her direction. The following account of her habits and employments is given by an American gentleman, who visited her in 1819, when she had lost all her sisters but one:

"In the short conversation we had with Martha More, before her sister joined us, the former spoke much of the latter, and appeared much interested in the reputation of her works, and as highly to enjoy their celebrity as the author herself could do. The latter soon came in, and took us by the hand, with great ease and urbanity. A table was placed in the middle of the room, around which we all seated ourselves. The charitable institutions of our country were inquired for with a zeal which showed a lively concern for the good of mankind in every part of the world. The Bible Societies she had much at heart. She had just given a notable demonstration of her interest in the cause. The anniversary of the auxiliary society was

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held last week, and she and her sister gave a dinner and tea entertainment to the whole company. One hundred and three persons partook of the dinner, and three hundred drank tea. Among them were thirty-seven clergymen, and the Bishop of Gloucester. Notwithstanding she is at the age of seventy-five, she went yesterday twenty-two miles to attend a Sunday-school. Her constitution, she said, was very strong, for it had carried her through twenty mortal diseases.

"We left Barley Wood with feelings of much satisfaction from the visit. Mine was not diminished by carrying away with me a copy of "Christian Morals," from the hands of the author, in which she wrote my name, in an excellent hand, without spectacles. It is rare indeed to find such vivacity of manners, at so advanced a period, as these ladies possess. They are fond of country life. Hannah remarked, that 'the only natural pleasures which remained to her, in their full force, were the love of the country and of flowers.'"

On the death of her sister Martha, Mrs. Hannah More exchanged her residence at Barley Wood for Clifton, near Bristol, where, notwithstanding the increasing infirmities of age, she maintained her wonted cheerfulness, and continued to distribute her superfluous wealth in acts of the purest benevolence and highest charity, until death put an end to her long and useful career. This event occurred on the 7th of September, at her residence in Windsor Terrace, Clifton, in the eighty-ninth year of her age; and her remains were interred on Friday, the 13th, in the vault at

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Wrington, which contained those of her beloved sisters.

She had endured a painful and protracted illness, accompanied by feverish delirium; but the blessed influence of Christian habit was strikingly exemplified even under the decay of extreme old age, and its attendant consequences. She frequently broke forth into earnest prayer and devout ejaculations, and invariably met the affectionate attentions of the friends who sedulously watched over her sick bed, by unceasing and most expressive returns of grateful love. On the day of her last seizure, which was in November, 1832, she expressed, in the most impressive manner, the sentiments of an humble and penitent believer in Jesus Christ, assuring her friends that she reposed her hopes of salvation on His merits alone, and expressing at the same time a firm and joyful reliance on His unchangeable promises.

Wonders of Nature.—The body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make a thread with which the spider spins its web. Lewenhoeck, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no larger than a grain of sand, spin a thread so fine, that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

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THE TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On a pleasant morning in August of the past year, I left Edinburgh on my way to Liverpool, to take passage thence to New York. Having a day to spare, I resolved to visit some of the scenes renowned in Border history, and immortalized by the pen of the poet. Before dinner, I arrived at old Melrose, and called upon a gentleman to whom I had letters, relying upon his knowledge of the interesting antiquities in his neighborhood for that information which I might not otherwise be able to obtain. My first desire was to visit Dryburgh, and contemplate the tomb of Scott, whose mortal remains had less than a year before been there deposited.

Through an avenue, shaded on either side by a row of venerable trees, we entered the hallowed ground. An old woman, with a huge key in one hand and a bundle of engravings in the other, was our chaperon. She had a twinkling eye, a pleasing smile, and, as she assured us, thirteen children. Under her guidance, we wound slowly by a foot-path, among the moldering walls, till we approached the north transept, where, through Sir Walter's grandmother, Haliburton of Mertoun, the Scott family possesses a place of sepulture. It is a massive fragment, and stands somewhat apart from the rest of the ruins. Here, sheltered equally

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from sun and shower, beneath a magnificent Gothic arch, reposes the ashes of the "Minstrel of the North," the sod not yet even green above them. With reverential awe, with a thrill and mingled emotions which no words of mine can express, I surveyed the holy place. I sat down upon a fragment, and gazed on the grave, until, as a dream, the creations of that master hand passed before me. Still ever uppermost was the tomb of him whose magic wand was now broken forever. How completely with the name of Scott is every river, hill, and ruin, in the land of his birth, associated! He has given them names; he has made them immortal. Every stream in Scotland has a memorial of him; in every shire they will point out some ancient castle or tower, of which the works of Scott have furnished a chronicle. View the regalia in Edin Castle; Scott was the means of its discovery. Ask the history of those gems, that prove the fact that Scotland never yielded allegiance to England; and they will give you the account that Scott has penned. Sit in Mary's apartment, in Holyrood; and as the stain of Rizzio's blood is pointed out, they will tell you that Scott has vouched for the authenticity of the legend. In a word, from Thule to the Tweed, travel where you may, at every step there is something to remind you of Walter Scott.

The next morning I proceeded to Abbotsford, two miles distant from Melrose. Some twenty years ago, when Sir Walter purchased this estate—classic now—it was about as unlovely a spot as one could look upon

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in a day's travel. A mean farm-house stood on the site of the present noble edifice; and where a flourishing plantation of forest trees now adorns the scene, a few straggling and unthriving firs upgrew. The house stands nearly in the center of the place, between the river and the road, though scarcely perceptible, on account of its "leafy screen," until you are almost at its threshold. You soon approach it after entering the gateway. It is a baronial-looking building, in Gothic style, with many turrets, spires, and balustrades mingling in fantastic groups. To add to its unique appearance, outlines and ornaments have been gathered from several famous places in Scotland—a roof from Roslyn, a gateway from Linlithgow, a chimney-piece from Melrose, and a pastern from the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." As a whole, it is one of the most picturesque buildings in Britain.

I approached the porch, and, as a female servant opened a pair of huge folding-doors, entered the hall. It was an imposing coup-d'œil. This hall is about fifty feet long, by twenty in breadth and height, and lighted by two lofty windows, wholly covered with coats of arms, etc. The walls are of richly carved oak, brought, it is said, from Dunfermline Palace. The roof is of the same material, being a series of downward pointing arches, each presenting, in its center, a shield of arms richly blazoned.

The cornice of this princely hall is also blazoned with a variety of Scottish arms and armor, perhaps thirty or forty; and underneath is painted the name of the noble

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family it represents. The following inscription, in old English letters, runs round the whole: "*These be the coat armories* of the claunes and chief men of name who kepit the marchys of Scotland in the auld tyme for the King. Trewe war they in their tyme, and in their defense, God them defendit."

The floor is of white and black marble, from the Hebrides, laid alternately in the form of elongated diamonds. Hanging from the wall are many curious relics of the olden time—two full suits of armor, a variety of instruments of defense, from the time of Henry the Fifth to the present day, and many strange antiquities. There are swords and spears, cuirasses and helmets, stirrups and spurs, rapiers and claymores, muskets and pistols, in almost endless variety. A catalogue of the whole has lately been made out, by the present Sir Walter; and this the housekeeper handed me for perusal. It would have taken a month to have examined the many curiosities. It would be absolutely impossible, and certainly unnecessary, to describe the variety of pictures, ornaments, antiquities, and massive furniture which adorn this princely dwelling.

I was now conducted to Sir Walter's study. It is a neat apartment. I sat by his desk, in his old arm-chair, in which his numerous works were written. I stepped into a little recess, formed by the base of one of the turrets; and here hung the very clothes which Sir Walter last wore, with a pruning-hook, too, which he usually carried with him in his walks through the fields of Abbotsford.

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The trowsers were Galashiel's woolen, checked black and white; the coatee, dark green cloth; and the rest fawn cassimere. His hat, a low-crowned white one, and his very shoes, hung from pegs in the wall. I proceeded next to the library. It is a noble and spacious apartment. On every side, from the floor to the ceiling, were huge oaken cases, containing, I should think, some thirty thousand volumes, arranged according to their subjects. Upon a pedestal, standing in the center of the north wall, was placed a bust of Scott. It was a present from Chantrey, and I was told very like him. Into a small room adjoining, the "Minstrel of the North" was conveyed, when he last returned to Abbotsford. It was in this room, upon a temporary couch, that he expired. I gazed upon the place; I could do no more.

None of the family now reside at Abbotsford. The present Sir Walter is with his regiment, in Ireland. Charles is in the Mediterranean; and Mrs. Lockhart lives in London. A woman-servant shows the house to strangers. What a sad change has come over Abbotsford in one short year! Sir Walter sleeps in the same grave with his lady, and their surviving children each in a different part of the globe. How mutable are human affairs! That place, once the chosen seat of genius, the fame of whose possessor was as extensive as the knowledge of letters, is now under the care of servants, and visited only by strangers, who come to see where he lived, where he died, and where he now rests, since his earthly existence has ended.

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I enrolled my name in a book that the present Sir Walter had provided to record the names of visitors, and departed with mingled emotions of melancholy and sweet satisfaction.

GOD IN HIS WORKS.

Go where the eternal mountains stand
  In majesty sublime—
Proud masonry of God's own hand,
  Scorning the wreck of time.
Ascend the towering granite steep,
  With mist-wreaths turban'd o'er,
And list, far down the fissures deep,
  The young volcano's roar.

Go where the thundering cataract pours
  His foaming floods along,
While echo, from her cavern'd shores,
  Repeats the dying song.
And from the roaring depths below,
  The cloudy columns rise,
Where grandeur's pencil paints the bow
  That spans the stormy skies.

Oh, listen to the songs that thrill
  Through the deep, ancient woods,
Pealing o'er dale and woodland hill
  Like the rush of angry floods,
When mighty winds are on the wing,
  And wild-voiced tempests rave,
And the thunder's dread responses ring
  To swell the loud octave.

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Or pause amid the deafening jar
  Of the earthquake's fearful march,
When the tramp of his steeds as heard from afar,
  Resound through the vaulted arch;
And heed the whispers of thy soul,
  That bid thee bow before
Him, at whose frown the thunders roll,
  And frighted oceans roar.

Go gaze upon the jeweled crown
  Of undulating light,
The gorgeous chaplet wreathing round
  The solemn brow of night;
And ask thy soul, could giddy chance
  The mystic arch upraise,
Where golden constellations dance
  In glory's living blaze?

Is it blind chance that rears on high
  The slender leaf-clad bough,
That proudly seeks the ethereal sky
  To bask in the sunbeams' glow;
Teaching the soul with angel wing
  To scorn the dull, cold earth;
And read in each revolving spring
  The mystery—spirit-birth?

What power attuned the ocean's lyre
  To hymn its lofty lay?
Though kingdoms, empires, thrones expire,
  As ages melt away,

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And blank oblivion's waveless sea
Rolls o'er the works of time,
The bounding billows, changeless, free,
Still ring the eternal chime!

What hand has planted in the deep
The hoary mountain fanes,
Round which the wild storm-spirits sweep,
Where dread commotion reigns?
The same that winds the tempest's brow
With bands of radiant light,
And wreaths kind mercy's signet brow
To gild time's dreary night.

Dark phantoms of unending gloom!
Thorn for the brow of grief!
What hopes can thy sad path illume,
Cold, cheerless unbelief!
Oh, soon may Zion's sceptered king
Rule over land and sea,
And faith to all the glories bring
Of immortality.

COUNTRY AIR.—In childhood and youth the influence of the atmosphere in improving or injuring the health is very remarkable, as is frequently seen in the changes from city to country, and *vice versa*. Let the child have at least an annual draught of the pure, unbreathed country air, scented with the unseen roses and lilies that fill it with *health and perfume*.

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APPOINTMENT OF WASHINGTON.

When the battle of Lexington was fought, the American army was commanded by Mr. Artemas Ward, who was the first major-general appointed in the war of our revolution. He was exceedingly popular in New England, from high personal qualification and family. He had been in the French war, and came out of it loaded with laurels, and it was confidently believed by many that the army would receive no commander who should be placed over him. What was to be done? It was all-important to bring Virginia and the southern states to engage heartily in the war, and nothing was so likely to effect this as to appoint a southern commander in whom they had confidence. The members had talked, and debated, and consulted, but no decisive measures had been taken, and time was precious. At length John Adams, who, in the language of Jefferson, was the Sampson of the house, took his resolution, and put forth all his strength. He painted in the most powerful language the situation and perils of the country. He urged Congress to adopt the army as a national army, and to appoint a commander-in-chief. He delineated very minutely the character of General Ward, and bestowed upon him high and just commendation. He was a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman—"But this," added he, to the surprise of the house, "is not the man!" He then described such a commander as the peculiar circum-

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stances of the country required. "Gentlemen," said he, "I know that these qualifications are high, but they are needful at this present crisis in a commander-in-chief. Does any one say that such a person can not be found in this country? I say that he can, and in this body. I now nominate him—George Washington, of Virginia!" Washington at the moment was looking the speaker intently in the face, watching for the name of the extraordinary person he was about to announce, not once thinking it would be his own. He sprang from his seat the moment he heard it, and rushed out of the room as though moved by an electric shock. In consequence of this appointment, the army lost a valuable officer in General Ward, who, in consequence of this measure, resigned, but gained a man raised up to conduct the nation to independence and glory.

BURNING MUMMIES.—The Arabs who inhabit the neighborhood of Upper Egypt, have a strange way of cooking their victuals. Whenever fuel is wanting, they descend into the tombs, and, dislodging a mummy, throw it over their shoulders and return to their tent. Then taking a hatchet, and seizing the mummy by one leg, they hew the body in two at a blow, and, after cutting it into smaller pieces, make use of a leg or an arm, or a part of the trunk, as it may chance, to boil their kettle. As the ancient Egyptians always inclosed their dead in resinous substances, the mummies are easily combustible, and make excellent fuel.

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MURDERER'S CREEK.

The name of Murderer's Creek is said to be derived from the following incident:

Little more than a century ago, the beautiful region watered by this stream was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct, or become incorporated with some other savage nation of the West. Three or four hundred yards from where the stream discharges itself into the Hudson, a white family by the name of Stacy had established itself in a log house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to which Stacy had made himself useful in various arts highly estimated by the savages. In particular, a friendship subsisted between him and an old Indian called Naoman, who often came to his house and partook of his hospitality.

One day Naoman came to Stacy's log hut in his absence, lighted his pipe, and sat down. He looked very serious, sighed deeply, but said not a word. Stacy's wife asked him what was the matter—if he was sick? He shook his head, sighed, but said nothing, and soon went away. The next day he came again, and behaved in the same manner. Stacy's wife thought strange of this, and informed her husband, who advised her to urge the old man to an explanation. Accordingly, when he repeated his visit the day after, she was more importunate than usual. At last the old Indian said:

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"I am a red man, and the pale faces are our enemies—why should I speak?"

"But my husband and I are your friends; you have eaten salt with us a thousand times, and my children have sat on your knees as often. If you have any thing on your mind, tell it me."

"It will cost me my life if it is known, and the white-faced women are not good at keeping secrets," replied Naoman.

"Try me and see."

"Will you swear by your Great Spirit you will tell none but your husband?"

"I have none else to tell."

"But you will swear?"

"I do swear, by our Great Spirit, I will tell none but my husband."

"Not if my tribe should kill you for not telling?"

"Not if your tribe should kill me for not telling."

Naoman then proceeded to tell her, that owing to some encroachments of the white people below the mountains, his tribe had become irritated, and had resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach. That she must send for her husband, and as speedily and secretly as possible, take their canoe and paddle with all haste over the river to Fishkill for safety.

"Be quick, and do nothing to excite suspicion," said Naoman, as he departed.

The good wife sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing, told him the story, and as no time

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was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat, which was unfortunately filled with water. It took some time to clear it out, and meanwhile Stacy recollected his gun, which was left behind. He went to the house, and returned with it, but it took up time, and precious time it proved to this poor family.

The daily visits of old Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of the tribe. One of the young Indians, who had been kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take to their boat, ran to give the alarm. Five Indians collected, ran down to the river, where their canoes were moored, jumped in, and paddled after Stacy, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained on him so fast that twice he dropped his paddle and took up his gun; but his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him that if he fired, and they were overtaken, they would meet with no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly refrained, and plied his paddle till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do; they were overtaken within a hundred yards from the shore, and carried back with shouts of yelling triumph. When they got ashore, the Indians set fire to Stacy's house, and dragged him, his wife and children, to their village. Here the principal men, Naoman among the rest, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief concluded that some one had been guilty of treason in apprising Stacy, the white man, of the designs of the tribe. He proposed to examine the prisoners, as to who gave the information—

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all assenting, Naoman among the rest. Stacy was first interrogated by one of the old men, who spoke English, and interpreted to the rest. Stacy refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned, while at the same moment two Indians stood threatening her two children with tomahawks, in case she did not confess. She attempted to evade the truth, by declaring that she had a dream the night before, which had alarmed her, and that she had persuaded her husband to fly.

"The Great Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to a white face," said the old Indian. "Woman, thou hast two tongues and two faces—speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die."

The little boy and girl were brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them, ready to execute their bloody orders.

"Wilt thou name," said the old Indian, "the red man who betrayed his tribe? I will ask thee three times."

The mother answered not.

"Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time."

The poor mother looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept, but remained silent.

"Wilt thou name the traitor? 'Tis the third and last time."

The agony of the mother waxed more bitter; again

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she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless. A pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

"Stop!" cried Naoman. All eyes were turned upon him. "Stop," repeated he, in a tone of authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. I am the traitor. I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire, shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I who told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will. I am ready."

A yell of indignation sounded from all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank where he sat, shrouded his face with his mantle of skins, and submitted to his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman by a blow of the tomahawk. But the sacrifice of Naoman did not suffice, nor the firmness and fortitude of the Christian white woman, to save the lives of the victims. They perished; how, it is needless to say, and the memory of their fate has been preserved in the name of the pleasant stream on whose banks they lived and died, which to this day is called *Murderer's Creek.*

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

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AUTUMN TRAVEL.

BY D. PARISH BARHYDT.

Oh, did you ever travel in the mellow autumn time,
When the lovely Indian summer, in its golden, molten prime,
Over earth, and over water, and throughout the breathless air,
Is shedding down its mellow light, so dreamy and so fair;
When the robins, sunk in dreamy rest, their song is heard no more,
And the squirrel 's chirping merrily about his winter store;
When the forests all are laughing in their holiday attire,
The nut woods clad in yellow and the maples robed in fire;
The beech, the linden, oak, and all in countless hues are gay,
And keeping merry carnival 'ere winter's lenten day.

Have you never?
Then forever
Seek the Indian summer day
In the Western forest glade;
Seek it ever,
And forever,
As you journey on your way,
Revel in its crimson shade.

Oh, did you ever travel in the mellow autumn time,
When the lovely Indian summer 's in its golden, molten prime;

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When the sumach by the way-side bows its ever graceful
head,
To greet the passing traveler with nodding plumes of red;
When the dainty raspberries, the fruitage gone, assume
Along their slender, prickly stems, the plum fruit's purple
bloom;
And the blackberry bushes, leaved yet in fresher green,
With the cedar aud the willow, vary still the checkered
scene;
When, glancing down the painted vista, where the river
rolls along,
Imagination bows to nature, while the fancy roves in song.

Have you ever?
Then forever
You will wait the autumn time
'Ere you travel, 'ere you roam.
Roaming, ever,
Roam forever
In the genial Western clime,
Finding there your travel home,

Oh, did you ever travel in the mellow autumn time,
When the lovely Indian summer 's in its golden, molten
prime;
When the sunlight on the birchen leaf, a moment seen to
quiver,
Is mistaken for the glimmer of its ray upon the river;
When of polished steel or silver, or of burnished gold, the
stream
Through the many-colored foliage by chance is seen to
gleam;

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When playing with the trailing vines that gently kiss its face,
Or held within the winding banks, like ether's limpid space,
Reflecting trunks, or bending boughs, and knarled roots, to show
The graceful and grotesque again in mirrored form below.

Did you never?
Then forever
Travel onward, travel far,
Till you find Miami's stream—
Find it ever,
And forever,
Roaming near, or roaming far,
You will ne'er forget its gleam.

FEMALE AFFECTION.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Captain Ross was an officer in the English army during the American Revolutionary war. He was much attached to a young lady, whose engagements to him her parents refused to ratify. When military duty compelled him to cross the Atlantic, his lady-love, without apprising him of her intentions, resolved to follow him. For this purpose, she disguised herself in man's clothes, and took a passage for America. She arrived immediately after a battle had been fought between the Indians and the detachment to which Captain Ross belonged. Among the dead bodies, she quickly recog-

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nized the object of her search. He was wounded and senseless; but she discovered a slight pulsation of the heart. She applied her lips to the wound, from which she sucked the flowing blood until it was stanched. This remedy restored him to life. She had sufficient presence of mind to restrain her impetuous joy, well knowing how fatal sudden emotion might prove to one in his weak and languid condition. During forty days she watched over him with the most unremitting attention, completely disguised by her dress, and the artificial coloring of her complexion. During his illness, the young officer talked continually of the object of his affections, and repeatedly expressed his fears that he should not live to be united to her.

When his health was sufficiently restored, the lady made herself known; and if she was tenderly beloved before she made such sacrifices, it will readily be believed that she was idolized now.

They departed together for Philadelphia, where they were immediately married. But alas! the perfect happiness they enjoyed was not to be of long duration. A languor, which resisted all medical art, attacked the system of Mrs. Ross, and threatened to terminate her life. It was soon discovered that her lover had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, and the venom pervaded all her blood. Her husband watched over her with the most tender solicitude; and as he saw one remedy after another fail to restore the health that had been so affectionately sacrificed for him, his hopes gradually settled into despair, and he died broken-hearted in the spring

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of 1778. The widow's grief was softened by the certainty of soon following him she had loved so fondly. She summoned sufficient fortitude to cross the Atlantic again, in order to implore the forgiveness of her parents. With them she languished a little while, and died. Her spirit rejoined her husband in July, 1779, when she was twenty-five years old. A monument is erected to her memory in Hammersmith church, recording these interesting events.

Two instances of a similar kind are recorded in history, in which the victims were perfectly aware that they sacrificed their own lives to save their husbands:

Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward the First, being informed that the king was wounded with a poisoned arrow, drew forth the venom with her own lips, and died for him. Charing Cross, in London, takes its name from a cross which Edward erected to her memory. Some antiquarians say it was so called from the village of Charing, in which the monument was built; others deny the existence of any such village, and contend that it derived its name from being the resting-place of *chere Reyne*, or the *dear queen*.

Sybella, wife of Robert of Normandy, showed the same courageous attachment to her husband. The prince being wounded in this shocking manner, was informed that recovery was impossible, unless the poison was sucked out. The amiable son of the Conqueror resolved to die, rather than allow any one to make the dangerous experiment. But while he slept, Sybella, his duchess, gently applied her lips to the wound; and

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before he awoke, the deadly venom had passed into her veins. She did not long survive this proof of her love.

MY FATHER.

BY AN ORPHAN.

Dear father, I remember thee; and with my spirit now,
Are visions of thy deep, dark eyes, thy pale and lofty brow;
The hectic flush upon thy cheek, the quick and shortened breath,
The brilliant eye, the hollow cough, which plainly told of death.

Dear father, I remember thee; and now my fancy sees
Thy quick, firm step, thy form erect, though wasted by disease;
Too deep each precious lineament upon my mind is traced,
From off the tablet of my breast to ever be erased.

Dear father, I remember thee; nor for an Eastern mine,
Or ocean's richest gems, would I that memory resign;
So now in my imaginings my father's glance I see,
As I was wont in by-gone days, fixed tenderly on me.

Ah! well do I remember th look so calm and mild,
As when with joyful pride he gazed upon his darling child,
Or when, with childish playfulness and cheerful tones of glee,
I jumping ran with gladsome mirth, to climb upon his knee.

And well do I remember the rapturous delight
With which I rode upon his horse with him from school at night;

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And then he always carried me, each cold and stormy morn,
My form close nestled by his side, within his carriage warm.

And well do I remember, when I had done my task,
And conned my lessons o'er with care, the questions he would ask;
While by his side with childish pride my little bosom burned,
I'd tell him all the wondrous things which I that day had learned.

Dear father, I remember well thy tenderness for me,
And the deep, heartfelt love which filled thy daughter's breast for thee;
That same, same fond affection is with my spirit yet,
I never shall, while memory lasts, that father's love forget.

And well do I remember how wasted day by day
That father's form, but I knew not that he must pass away;
For in that dreadful hollow cough, that wildly brilliant eye,
Thy child was far too young to read, that thou so soon must die.

And well do I remember how my little spirit bled,
When they told me that my father was then numbered with the dead;
And how I wept the live-long night, and sobbed away my grief,
For I was young, and to the young tears are the best relief.

And well do I remember, that as I older grew,
The bitter loss I had sustained my heart more fully knew;
And for a father's watchful care my wayward heart has yearned,
And for a father's tender love my youthful spirit burned.

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The world is filled with heartlessness, and for another's weal,
Or for the unprotected one, but few there are who feel;
Through life's rough path the fatherless with countless ills contend,
But God has promised them, He'll be their father and their friend.

ROSALINE.

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

BY HENRY S. SANDFORD, ESQ.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was born at Quincy, in the State of Massachusetts, July 11th, 1767. It will be remembered that the odious Stamp Act, and the laws imposing duties on glass, paper, paints, and tea, were passed during this and the preceding year; and that a strong spirit of opposition had been aroused in the colonies. Thus was the young patriot ushered into life, simultaneously, as it were, with American Liberty. His lullaby was chaunted by the STORMS, and his very cradle was rocked by the first friends of the Revolution. His father, the illustrious John Adams, the mover of the Declaration of Independence, and the second President of the United States, and his mother, the beautiful and gifted Abigail Smith, not less than the times in which he lived, contributed to form a character, so august as that of our subject. He was descended, too, from the old stock of the Pilgrims. The love of liberty was an inherent principle, a dominant passion, of the family.

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In the year 1781 Francis Dana, who had attended Mr. Adams as secretary of legation, was chosen minister to Russia; and John Quincy Adams, then only fourteen years old, was appointed his private secretary.

In May, 1794, J. Q. Adams, then only in the twenty-seventh year of his age, was appointed minister of the United States at the Hague.

He executed the trusts of his responsible office with a signal ability, which was alike creditable to himself and to his country. During his residence at the Hague, having occasion to visit England, Mr. Adams there became acquainted with Miss Catherine Johnson, daughter of Josiah Johnson, Esq., of Maryland, and consular agent of the United States at London. The mutual friendship which sprung up between these two young persons soon ripened into love; and they were married in 1798.

In 1803 Mr. Adams was elected to the Senate of the United States; and he entered the highest legislative body of the nation at a period of the most trying and dangerous embarrassments.

In 1805 Mr. Adams, having resigned his seat in the senate, was chosen professor of belles-lettres in the University of Cambridge, an office in which he continued, delivering lectures and conducting exercises in declamation, until July, 1809; when, having been appointed minister to Russia, he soon after sailed for St. Petersburgh. His ripe and rare scholarship, his literary attainments, his thorough knowledge of the political relations of the world, and, above all, his republican sim-

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plicity of dress and manner, contrasted as they were by the gorgeous trappings and tinsel of other embassies, attracted the favorable notice of the Emperor Alexander and his court, by whom he was honored with an intimacy seldom extended to foreigners.

But I must be brief; for even touching on all these great points, would cover more than the allotted space. While at St. Petersburgh, Mr. Adams wrote a series of letters to his son, on the value of the Bible, and the importance of its daily perusal, earnestly recommending the Holy Book, which had been his guide and monitor amid all the trials and perils of life.

In 1817 he was chosen secretary of state, under President Monroe, an office which he most honorably filled during the eight years of that administration. Maintaining his integrity of manhood, and still defying party censure, he defended General Jackson in the case of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, in so able a manner that the British ministers became convinced that there was no just ground of war.

In 1825 Mr. Adams was inaugurated President of the United States. Still true to right, he removed none from office who showed by their deeds the highest fitness for the places they held; and when partisans were disturbed, and grumbled at this course, he magnanimously replied: "If I can not administer the government on these principles, I am content to go back to Quincy." His administration is distinguished for public improvements, patriotism, fidelity, and the entire absence of proscription for opinion's sake.

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But not yet had his name attained the highest honor, or his life the purest luster of its glory. In his subsequent career, as a member of the national legislature, were developed those higher powers, those great virtues, which have set the richest gem in his immortal crown.

After remaining at his post for more than half a century, the old hero received his summons to a more exalted sphere of action. He was seized with a paralysis, just as he was rising to address the house, on Monday, the 21st of February, 1848. He survived only two days, during which time he was attended by the faithful and ever dear partner, who, through more than fifty years, had been his solace and joy.

"THIS IS THE LAST OF EARTH! I AM CONTENT," murmured the "old man eloquent;" and then his spirit plumed its wings for a higher and nobler flight. With his armor yet unloosed, he fell on the field, as it were in the midst of action; and his noble deeds, and his hallowed memory, became at once enshrined, and he has left them a rich legacy, not only to his country, but to mankind.

BIRDS.—I find great pleasure in thinking that the songs of birds have not changed for thousands of years, but are the same now as they were in Paradise; and when I see birds of passage, I reflect that the same notes which please my ear, perhaps charmed a listener in Asia or Africa a few weeks before.

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FUNCHAL.

In the rear of the city of Funchal, only two miles from the beach, stands the church of "Our Lady of the Mountain," 1,800 feet above the city. It lies over a pavement shut in on either hand by high stone walls, which prevent the eye catching a view of the surrounding localities. It is only when you look up that the eye finds brilliancy and beauty. Flowers overhang the walled inclosure, and delicious fruits display themselves at frequent intervals far above your head. Near the church, however, a splendid view unfolds itself. Here the eye, long imprisoned, roams with delight over a landscape of surpassing magnificence.

On the one side is the mountain, still rising thousands of feet above us, while on another, mile after mile of hill and valley stretches itself away, covered with houses and terraced vineyards, with a background of round-topped mountains, resembling so many ant-hills, bearing marks of cultivation from their bases to their summits. Below lies Funchal, the capital of Madeira, nestling in the little bay around which it circles, with its white houses glistening in the sunbeams, and the sea, bounded only by the horizon, spread out beyond them, reposing in its quietness, and flashing heavenward the sunlight that streams downward upon its peaceful and placid waters; while on the left the Palheiro Mountain raises its lofty summit, crested with a grove of forest trees, the only one that appears in the environs of Funchal.

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MADEIRA.

The island of Madeira rises for the most part abruptly from the Atlantic, and the interior forms a huge mountain mass, interspersed with numerous chasms and precipices, many of which are frightful and inaccessible. The island is liberally supplied with rivulets and cascades, which leap from rock to rock, through bushes of rosemary, jessamine, laurel, and myrtle. Groves of chestnut and pine trees stretch along the declivities of the mountains; the large leaves of the banana wave over the walls, and the splendid palm trees overtop the houses. Coffee trees form hedges and copses, while mimosas, and a variety of the most gorgeous palms, rise in graceful stateliness.

The capital is Funchal, a large town on the south side of the island, containing some 25,000 inhabitants. The geological structure of the island is somewhat peculiar, and renders the formation of good roads extremely difficult, thus denying the privilege of riding to the numerous invalids who frequent the place. But this inconvenience is in some measure repaid by the romantic grandeur of the surrounding scenery. From some of the mountain heights the view is magnificent; and the stranger gazing upward at the snow-capped summit of Pico Kuivo, and around upon the palm trees and orange groves that lie embosomed among the vine-clad hills, will find much to delight his eye and elevate his heart from nature up to nature's God.

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VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

This valley has in all ages served as the burying-place to Jerusalem; you meet there, side by side, monuments of the most distant times, and of the present century. The Jews still come there to die, from the corners of the earth; a stranger sells to them, for almost its weight in gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers. Solomon planted that valley; the shadow of the temple, by which it was overhung; the torrent, called after grief, which traversed it; the psalms, which David composed; the lamentations of Jeremiah, which its rocks re-echoed, render it the fitting abode of the tomb. Christ commenced his passion in the same place, and suffered the expiation of sin. Few names awaken in our minds recollections so solemn as the valley of Jehoshaphat—it is so full of mysteries.

The aspect of the valley is desolate; the western side is bounded by a ridge of lofty rocks, which support the walls of Jerusalem, above which the towers of Jerusalem appear. The eastern side is formed by the Mount of Olives, and another eminence, called the Mount of Scandal, from the idolatry of Solomon. These two mountains, which adjoin each other, are almost bare, and of a red and somber hue; on their desert side you see, here and there, some black and withered vineyards, some wild olives, some ploughed land, covered with hyssop, and a few ruined chapels. At the bottom of the valley you perceive a torrent, traversed by a single

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arch, which appears of great antiquity. The stones of the Jewish cemetery appear like a mass of ruins at the foot of the Mountain of Scandal, under the village of Siloam. You can hardly distinguish the buildings of the village from the ruins with which they are surrounded. Three ancient monuments are particularly conspicuous: those of Zechariah, Jehoshaphat, and Absalom. The sadness of Jerusalem, from which no smoke ascends, and in which no sound is to be heard; the solitude of the surrounding mountains, where not a creature is to be seen; the disorder of these tombs, ruined, ransacked, and half exposed to view, would almost induce one to believe, that the last trump had been heard, and that the dead were about to rise in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day, man lives in pleasure, wealth, and pride;
To-morrow, poor, of life itself denied.
To-day, lays plans for many years to come;
To-morrow, sinks into the silent tomb.
To-day, his food is dressed in dainty forms;
To-morrow, is himself a feast for worms.
To-day, he 's clad in gaudy, rich array;
To-morrow, shrouded for a bed of clay.
To-day, he has delusive dreams of heaven;
To-morrow, cries, "Too late to be forgiven!"
To-day, he lives on hope as light as air;
To-morrow, dies, in anguish and despair.

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WEDDING AMONG THE ARMENIANS.

A FEW weeks after our arrival at Vourla, we were invited to attend an Armenian wedding. I went in company with a gentleman and his wife. We arrived at the house of the bride at nine o'clock, and were shown into a room where a great number of ladies, principally Armenian, were assembled; among them was seated the bride, not at all to be distinguished from the others by her dress or appearance. About ten o'clock a noise was heard without, and a person soon entered the room where we were, bearing a wax candle, full two yards long, with gold tinsel of twice that length tied on and prettily looped up in several places on the candle, the top being ornamented with a large bunch of artificial flowers. This candle was presented to the bride, who received it very passively, standing. After a little time, another shouting of the boys, at the door, announced the approach of something else, when a parcel was brought and given into the hands of the bride's mother; a waiter was placed in a chair, and the women opened the parcel, placing the contents on the waiter. They consisted of a jacket, or spencer, of green silk velvet, embroidered with gold; a skirt of brass, a silk striped with gold; about four yards of deep red sarcenet, and a crown of silver, from the church, borrowed for the occasion. The other articles were presents from the bridegroom. They were first shown to the bride, who viewed them with as much indifference as if she

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had been a person wholly unconcerned; they were then shown to us all; and when this was all over, a woman, who presided and was mistress of ceremonies, took the bride by the hand and led her round the room, to kiss all her relatives, and they wept, and she wept; and really it was quite an affecting time. You would have thought she was going to be buried, rather than married, to have seen the sad looks. When she had bid them all a good-bye, she was led out, but presently came back, dressed in her new clothes, and was placed in a chair in the center of the room, when two women took off her turban, and took down her hair, and placed the silver crown upon her head. It was about the size and shape of a boy's black cloth cap, large at the top. This was bound on tight with a red silk handkerchief, and fastened under the chin so closely as to be uncomfortable to the poor girl. Over this was put the four yards of red silk, which hung to the floor before and behind, quite blinding the poor thing, and, as the night was warm, all but smothering her. Over this vail was put the gold tinsel, confined by pins in the crown, and hanging to the floor on all sides. To complete the whole, a tinsel band was put around the crown, to make all fast; and in this was put the artificial flowers, so that, when the dressing was finished, nothing was seen but a figure covered with silk and gold and crowned with flowers. Thus arrayed, she was led to the sofa, and stood at one corner for half an hour or more. At last it was twelve o'clock, and then, exactly at midnight, "there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh,

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go ye out to meet him." Immediately the men set off to meet him, and he soon entered, preceded by five or six priests. This custom of crying and shouting at the approach of the bridegroom, struck me very forcibly, as it has probably been a usage ever since the presence of our Saviour. As soon as the bridegroom came, the bride was led into the middle of the room, and their hands joined under the vail, while the priests chanted, loud and long, something that I did not understand.

Then cakes of almonds and sugar, and some other sweets, with coffee, were given us, and a procession was formed for the church; the poor bride, all the while, smothering under a thick vail. At the church, there was a long ceremony performed by the priests of reading the marriage-service; and a man all the while holding over the heads of the two persons a small ivory cross, and the man holding the woman's hand, leaning his head against her crown. At last they closed, by tying a string around the head of both. She did not go to the house of the bridegroom, as it was too late an hour. The bride's dowry was in gold pieces, strung, and hung around her neck and shoulders—a good, long string.

Music.—Of all arts, music is the most divine. Vice derives little aid from it, for even in the vicious it awakens noble sentiments. Happily, it has not the power to express the baser passions.

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LOVE OF NATURE.

BY H. W. ROCKWELL.

THRICE happy he who loves the cloister'd gloom
Of some vast forest, where lowly stooping boughs
Make net-work of the holy summer sky;
For him the soft wind singeth merrily
Among the reeds and scarlet river-flowers,
Or dances in the green tops of the wood,
And weaves its bard-like spell among the vines
That hang in garlands o'er the mountain wall;
For him the moon looks through the dark pine boughs,
When she doth leave her chamber in the east,
To wander through heaven's starry wilderness,
And scatter spells upon the forest land,
And promontory gray, and ocean coast,
Sky, mountain, sea, dim wood, and leafy glen,
The green leaves dancing in the pleasant wind,
The summer birds to one another calling,
The lake's blue bosom, with its load of stars,
And moon-touched ripples, and night-blooming flowers;
These have for him a holy eloquence,
And deep within his heart their beauty lives
An incarnation pure and glorious.

He dwells amid a proud society;
For the fair mountains, with their scented winds,
And roaring torrents, that from rock to rock
Go bounding in their fury and their joy,
These are his comrades and his noble kin;
And if he marks their beauty, when the sun

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Weaves for the morn his checkered braid
Of violet and gold, not slow is he
To muse upon their grandeur, when the hills
Re-echo to the thunder's rattling gong,
And the quick lightning's crooked fang is red
O'er the dark mountain forest. When the woods
Are reddened with a thousand hectic dyes,
And the winged flower-seeds sweep along the vale,
And from the forest-tent is borne no more
The sweetness of the gentle summer flowers;
When one by one the singing birds depart
From hill and river, and the saddened streams
Gossip but faintly in the yellow glen;
The little cricket, 'neath the crimsoned leaf,
Chirrups for him his little homily;
As the sad wind that shakes the brown nuts down,
And flings a golden shower upon the pool,
Is unto him a gentle minister.

When raves the wintry blast without his dwelling,
And all the founts are silent, and the flowers
Are bright no longer on the mountain side,
Oh, not unmindful is he of the song
Of the wild snow-squall in the chimney top,
Or the loud creaking of the mighty trees
That shake their bare bones in the hurricane,
And fling defiance to the threat'ning gale!
Nor passes he in moody silence by
The beauty of the snowy wilderness,
When from its southern palaces the wind
Creeps forth, betimes, with sudden harmony,
To shake the thick snow from the evergreen,
And chase the white cloud o'er the mountain's ridge.

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His eye in grandeur looks o'er hill and shore,
And rifling from these fair and glorious things
Their elegance and stainless purity,
His heart becomes the proper dwelling-place
Of all things that are pure and beautiful;
And as he passeth to the haunts of men,
And looketh in the faces of the crowd,
As they go by him in the populous mart,
He feels a kinder charity astir
Within his heart—and this is happiness!

A Beautiful Sentiment.—The late Judge Sir Allan Park once said at a public meeting in London, "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from which they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share of all is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the page of man's history, and what would his laws have been—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a mark, not a being or thing which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian hope is on it, not a law which does not owe its truth and greatness to Christianity, not a custom which can not be traced in all its holy and healthful parts to the gospel."

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A TRIUMPH OVER POVERTY.

The magistracy or hall of judicature in which Mr. Beaseley usually held the scales of Justice, was a large and formal room, with a few ponderous, straight-backed chairs ranged along the sides of the apartment. A writing-table, with a row of serious-looking volumes upon it, a few packets of papers tied with red tape, together with a profusion of letters strewn over its surface, comprised almost every thing worthy of comment in this temple of justice.

On the occasion of our introducing the reader into this provincial court-house, Mr. Beaseley was sitting in his chair, with his back to a large wood-fire that roared good humoredly up the wide chimney, making a lusty chorus with the bleak December wind that grumbled and blustered round the house and overhead, as if bent on resisting the genial ascent of the hearty flame, that licked its wavy way upward in despite of his surly opposition, and between the two kept up a rumbling warfare in the capacious flue. Mr. Beaseley, we said, sat with his back to the crackling fire, making calculations on his fingers, and looking abstractedly through the opposite window, on the shower of sleet and snow that drove past in incessant whirls, and kept up a ceaseless pelting on the large glass panes, as if knocking to be admitted to the cheery fireside.

Mr. Beaseley was aroused from his state of mental abstraction by his servant announcing that a poor wom-

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an who had called twice before, wished to see him, to obtain some relief. Mr. Beaseley gave order to have her shown up.

The individual who presently entered the apartment, was a pale, emaciated female of five or six-and-twenty, but who, judged by her hollow and anxious countenance, would have well passed for forty. A thin calico dress hung wet and clinging to her ankles; her shoes, by long servitude, worn bare, were fastened by tapes across her instep, and as she crossed the room left the broad marks of her feet upon the boards, while the water oozed at every motion from the saturated leather. Round her neck was pinned a scanty triangular shawl, that barely hid her bosom, and only partially protected it from the invading storm. An old bonnet, so large that it almost hid her shrunken features, completed the meager habiliments of this once neat and comely woman.

After some questioning, in reply to which the poor woman explained that her husband was lying at home starving, and that the object of her application was to obtain more immediate relief than possible by the necessary slow legal process, she obtained from Mr. Beaseley a trifle of money, and an order for a gallon of flour.

With a trembling hand and shivering frame—for her wet clothes had struck a chill to her very blood—the woman undid the heavy latch, and closing the portal behind her, stood again in the pitiless storm and unprotected way. Pulling the mockery of a shawl closer over her breast, she hurried quickly down the avenue that led from the magistrate's house, and had just

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reached the gates that opened on the village street, when a carriage, driven with speed, rapidly turned the angle; and before the driver, who kept his head down to shield his face from the violence of the sleet, could see the coming figure, or arrest his horses, the poor woman was dashed to the ground by the pole of the vehicle, and thrown several yards from the wheels into a pool of water that had collected at the park entrance. The carriage was instantly stopped, and a gentleman alighting, hastened forward, and raising the female from the ground, expressed, in the kindest manner, his regret and pain at the misfortune.

"I am not very much hurt, thank you, sir, only very frightened," she said, faintly, as the gentlemen led her to the steps of the carriage.

"Poor creature, she is wet through!" exclaimed a soft and sympathizing voice from the coach. "Where do you live, my good woman, and we will drive you home?"

"Oh no, thank you, madam! It is not very far, and I think I can walk now. Don't let me keep you in the rain, madam! Thank you, I am better now."

"Poor creature! I am sure she is hurt. Send for a surgeon, Charles, and let her be taken care of till I can visit her myself. To be out on such a day as this, and so thinly dressed! I am certain you are hurt?"

"Oh dear no, madam! I don't think the horse touched me at all; and I must go home to my poor husband. Thank you, madam."

"Then come to my house to-morrow at twelve, I

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wish particularly to see you. Mr. Chesterfield's, at the Elms. But are you sure you can walk?"

"Oh yes, thank you, madam, quite well."

"Do not forget Mrs. Chesterfield's wish to-morrow," added the gentleman, kindly, as he took out his purse; but after a moment's hesitation, as if fearing to hurt the poor woman's feelings, he returned it unobserved to his pocket; and repeating his lady's injunctions, stepped into the carriage, and was rapidly driven away in the direction of the magistrate's hall.

Pressing her hand tightly on her side, and drawing her breath with short inspirations, for she was much hurt, though from delicate motives alleging the contrary, the poor woman slowly proceeded down the straggling street, and ultimately reached her miserable abode at the outskirts of the village. Pausing a moment at the door, she pulled the string that lifted the wooden latch, and crossed the dreary dwelling; and a more melancholy chamber than that she now entered penury never called "home." A patched and broken latticed window transmitted just enough of the cheerless December light to reveal, in chilling colors, the few dilapidated pieces of household goods that constituted the scanty furniture.

On a stump bedstead in the nearest corner to the huge chimney and long extinguished fire, sat the attenuated form of a sick man, whose shrunk features and large lustrous eyes bespoke too plainly the ravages of disease and want. An old coat drawn over his shoulders, shielded his body from the keen wind that howled

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down the chimney, and found a hundred mouths through the broken plaster and rifted door, whirling the sand upon the bricked floor in sweeping eddies round the room.

Before him, on the drugget of the bed, rested an old tray, with a small chisel, knife, and file, a few chips of wood, and the carved figure of a king in armor, cut from a little block of the whitest ash. With his long, skinny fingers he had just set the finished workmanship upon the tray as his wife entered; and he turned his gratified gaze from his completed task, with mournful inquiry and affectionate solicitude, upon his drenched and not less miserable wife.

"You are wet and cold, Mary, and there is no fire to warm you," said the husband, mournfully, as with a deep sigh he glanced at the white ashes strewn over the broad hearth, as his wife divested herself of her shawl and bonnet. "I wish you had not gone, though God knows we have kept off the parish to the last! Would they do nothing? Well, it is not for myself I care—for my stay here is getting very short—but for you and—"

"The Lord be good to us!" exclaimed the wife, with sudden grief. "If I havn't lost the money the squire gave me, and the order for the flour! Oh dear, oh dear! What a foolish creature I am. But I'll go back directly and look for them; I know I must have dropped them when I fell;" and wiping away the tears that gathered in her eyes, she began to refix her wet bonnet. "Don't be vexed, Robert, I'm sure I shall find them.

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Oh, don't give way—I know we shall do better yet. Cheer up, Robert dear, and don't despair!"

"Better yet!" replied the husband, with a bitter smile, that imparted a deeper ghastliness to his wasted features. "Yes, in heaven!" he added, solemnly—"the poor man's only comfort. Oh! heaven should be a lovely place, Mary, to give us heart to crawl through this hungry world to reach it! Take off your wet things, love; you shall not go out again to-day. Take them off, Mary," he continued, with gentle authority, as she shook out the little shawl, before throwing it over her neck. "Not again to-day. There's bread enough for one meal more—sit down, and make a fire and dry yourself; young Knowles has given us a fagot—God bless him for it!—up there in the chimney corner. Come, come, don't take on so; you couldn't help it; Mary dear, don't cry," he said, soothingly, as his wife, obeying his wish, replaced her shawl and bonnet on the table, and sitting down on a low chair by the bed, wept bitterly at her misfortune, for she had calculated on buying a little tea, to cheer and comfort her sick husband; for with woman's true devotedness of heart, she only thought of him, and what might minister to his relief and benefit.

"How did it happen? But never mind, Mary; see, dear, I have finished them at last—though God knows they are no use to us; for nobody here will buy them, though I am sure the wish I had to finish them, and your confidence, has kept me alive all the year. How do you like it now? That is the Christian king;" and

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with a sad voice, and momentary gleam of pleasure in his hollow eye, the mechanic placed the last of a set of chessmen, that he had designed and executed himself, in her thin hand, making the two armies consist of a Christian and Saracen host, each piece being a perfect figure armed in respective costume, and executed with the utmost truth and delicacy.

A turner and wood-carver by trade, Robert Western had long meditated completing a series of chessmen that should supersede the uninteresting figures in general use, and give a martial air to a purely military game. But while in health and constant employment, he had never found an opportunity of doing more than selecting choice pieces of wood, and making drawings of the several men ; for Western possessed a natural genius for the pencil, and could depict the human form, in all its attitudes, with ease and grace. But the failure of his master in the county town, and the loss of all Western's savings, threw him at once into poverty and distress ; and after in vain seeking work around the country, he at length settled in the village of Brookford, where for a while he continued to earn a scanty subsistence, by working at the coarser branches of his trade ; but at length this failed, and disease, long threatened, at last settled on his frame, and shut him out from all exertion. It was then, supported on his bed of sickness, that he beguiled the weary hours of pain and privation in the performance of his cherished object, one hope alone animating him through the weary twelvemonth of his silent toil: that the chess-

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men would sell when he was dead, and be a little legacy for his friendless wife and child.

The task, though long, had been to the poor workman one full of interest, and he began to love the little warriors, as each grew into shape and martial bearing under his cunning fingers, with a feeling little less than filial. And now when he placed the last completed piece in his wife's cold hand, a tear of regretful sadness glistened in his eye, as the sweet solace of so many weary hours was brought to a perfected end.

"Oh, how very beautiful it is, Robert!" exclaimed his wife, with real delight, contemplating the mail-clad king, and brushing a tear from her long eyelashes. "It is more beautiful than all the rest! Shall I wrap it up and put it by, Robert?"

"When you have lighted the fire and dried your gown, you shall put them all out upon the table, and let me look at them once more. It is very foolish; but I have grown so fond of them, and I should like to see them altogether for the last time, for I know I shall never look at them again. Don't cry, Mary dear, don't cry, or you will stain it with your tears. Light the fire, love, and warm yourself. Oh, God help us!"

"He will, He will, Robert, if you will not despair!" ejaculated his affectionate wife, as she carefully set down the carved figure, and wiping her eyes, addressed herself to chop the wood and light the fire from the fuel so opportunely and charitably given them by a neighbor almost as poor and comfortless as themselves. Having completed her task, and given a more cheerful

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aspect to the dreary chamber by the ruddy flame from the ignited wood, she spread her wet garments before the blaze to dry, and, seated in a corner of the chimney, recounted to her husband the result of her errand to the justice, and narrated, as briefly as possible, the accident that had deprived her of the proceeds of her journey, for she had no doubt she had lost the money and paper when she fell; and ended by telling him of the wish expressed by Mrs. Chesterfield to see her in the morning. "And so, Robert," she went on, "I will take the chessmen and show them to her. Perhaps she may buy them, though God knows I would almost as soon sell myself, if it was not for the hope of getting you something nice to eat, and some medicine for your cough. And if I take the men, it won't look as if I went for charity, Robert."

"Do as you like, Mary, though I have no hope of your success. We have been so often disappointed—"

"Oh, don't give way, Robert! I am sure better days will come. No, no, don't shake your head and look so sorrowful—better days for you, I mean, and you will be well again. Now, now, don't despair so!" and with a confidence she scarcely felt herself, she strove to instill a healthier tone into her husband's less sanguine heart.

"There must be something very holy in your confidence, dear Mary, for it has had the power to keep me up for many months, for, without your trustful spirit, I should have given way long ago. God bless you for it! but I feel now, Mary, that to hope any longer is

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but an idle delusion. My only wish now, is, that when I am dead, you may be able to sell the men in some large town, and get enough——"

"Don't talk of dying, Robert, or you will break my heart. If I don't sell them to do you good, I will never, never part with them. Oh, do not give up yet! hope a little longer; do, do, for my sake, and——But where is he, where's the child—is he asleep?" she inquired, suddenly rising from her seat and going to the bed.

Western slowly turned down the drugget as she approached, and exposed a beautiful but pale-faced boy of two or three years old, nestled close by his father's side, and sleeping soundly.

"He cried at first when you went out, and asked for dinner," said the husband, mournfully, as the mother knelt down and kissed the lips of her sleeping child; "but I had not strength to get out and reach the bread, poor child! So I told him some little stories to divert his mind, and said that he should see all the men to-night; and then his little eyes grew heavy, and he laid his head upon my lap, and fell asleep, talking of the soldiers. Oh, what a blessed thing is sleep to the poor and hungry! for by it they can cheat the craving stomach of a meal or two. See, dear, he is awake!"

But we must hasten on, and will but merely direct the reader's mental eye once more to that abode of sickness, want, and cold; but where, such is the humanizing effect of art and beauty, there was much in-

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nate love and delicacy of soul. Upon the farther extremity of an old table, drawn close to the bed, ranged in double files, stand the mimic armies of the chessboard; and on the nearer end, the remnant of a stale loaf, a jug of warm milk and water, and a knife to part the limited allowance of their food. Father, mother, and child are seated on the bed, with pleasure gazing on the carved array, and one in infantine ecstasy, holding out his hands to clutch the tempting toys, and as they admire, eating the husky bread, and drinking, each in turn, from the self-same jug, the harmless diluent; while the wind and rain howls and beats against the lonely tenement, and the fitful blaze from the alternate flush and fall of the wood embers gives momentary light to the repast; making the raging winter that beats without, and the desolation brooding within, appear more stern and terrible.

True to her appointment on the following morning, the mechanic's wife, with the prized chessmen, carefully folded in separate papers, and enveloped in a white napkin, repaired to the mansion of Mr. Chesterfield, and was instantly introduced to the benevolent mistress. Mrs. Chesterfield, with the tact that women only know, soon gleaned from the poor wife the concise history of their long privations, touching with innocent pride on her husband's skill, and ended by displaying before the amazed eyes of the lady, the proofs of it she had brought.

Mrs. Chesterfield was no mean judge of art, and gazed with admiration and surprise on the costume,

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execution, and faultless symmetry of every figure, enhanced by the ivory whiteness and beautiful texture of the wood in which they were wrought; and calling in her husband, participated with him in his lavish delight and encomiums; while the poor woman, unable to suppress her joy that her husband's merit was at last appreciated, sobbed aloud from excess of pleasure.

"These are, indeed, superior specimens of art!" observed Mr. Chesterfield, after a rigid scrutiny of every piece. "What does your husband require for them?"

"Oh, sir!" replied Mary, speaking through her tears, "I have carried them to so many places, but nobody would offer me any thing for them, that my husband said he would sell them all for a shilling a piece, if you wouldn't think it too dear; and there's the board he made long ago."

"A shilling a piece, impossible! My poor woman, you must be dreaming!"

"Well, then, sir, what you please; for my husband is very ill, and I want to buy him some medicine," she replied, almost choking from revulsion of feeling.

"You mistake me, my good creature; I mean to say they are too valuable to be sold without consideration; and for fear I should not be just to you, I will consult some friends as to what I should give—for I mean to purchase them—for the present here are ten sovereigns, and whatever price is put on them by my friends, I will pay you again. A man of your husband's genius must not be left in obscurity and want.

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I will send a physician to attend to him; and now go home and come back on Monday for what I shall then be in your debt. Your husband shall not be neglected, depend upon it."

Unable to speak her thanks, but grasping the gold in her hand with a nervous tenacity, the bewildered woman was led out of the room by the hand of the sympathizing Mrs. Chesterfield; and when she found herself again in the road, it was with the addition of a well-filled basket of wine and provisions. Casting her dimmed eyes to heaven, and muttering a prayer of thankfulness, poor Mary turned in the direction of home, and ran with the speed of a chamois till the battered door and broken casement of her abode stood before her. The luxury of that moment, as she told out her treasure before her hectic husband, was worth a life's privation to enjoy. The sick man, unable to express the sense of struggling happiness, bent his head meekly on his chest, and groaned from the fullness of his soul; while his wife, folding her arms round his neck, pressed his face to her bosom, and between hysteric tears and laughter, whispered, "I told you not to despair; I knew that better days would come, and that you would live to see and bless them!"

Under the skillful hands of the physician, Western was soon restored to comparative health, and, aided by the patronage of Mr. Chesterfield, was in a few months removed to London, and a situation obtained for him as designer in one of the first houses in town, where he may still be found directing the energies of a large es-

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tablishment, respected, prosperous, and happy, and daily thankful to his wife for that faith in the bounty of Eternal Providence, that, under Heaven, had, through all the petulance of disease, and crush of poverty, kept a living principle of hope within his heart. Nor does his now restored and comely wife forget, in thankful prayers, her gratitude to God for the courage that opposed so long her husband's gloom, and gave her power to prove the confidence that buoyed herself—Never to Despair. W. H. H.

THE USE OF POETS.

BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Ask why the flower is beautiful, ask why the fields are green,
Why sunset casts a lovelier glow upon a common scene—
Why the glad birds have pleasant songs to charm the listener's ear,
Then say they have no use, no power, the sons of earth to cheer.

The flowers might be but scentless things without one radiant hue;
The sun might set without the glow that glorifies our view:
Then wherefore are they beautiful? Oh, beauty is a gift
From the dull things of earth to heaven the gazer's thoughts to lift.

And most the poet's throbbing heart its influence must find
As the Æolian's lyre gives back each whisper to the wind;

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If the free wood-bird's song hath power to glad the weary heart,
May not the poet's soul-poured strains a loftier joy impart?

What though his days be passed in dreams, his nights in vigils lone,
He hath a mighty recompense to worldly minds unknown;
He knows that manly souls shall glow, that gentle eyes shall fill,
And throbbing hearts his influence feel, even when his own is still.

As sunshine penetrates the depths of some dim forest dell,
As winds from some still mountain lake a murmur may compel,
So may his song with hope pervade some darkly shadowed mind—
So even amidst the dull and cold an echo may it find!

And many a noble thought that else in silence might have died,
Shall on the wings of his wild song be wafted far and wide;
And many a deed of olden days, that makes the young heart thrill,
Shall in the poet's lays be shrined for our example still.

If fragrant flowers unblamed be clothed in such surpassing dyes,
If sunshine be a lovely thing, allowed to common skies,
If birds and fountains have a voice man's passions to subdue,
May not the mind's wide regions have its flowers and music too?

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MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

The grand victim of the night was Coligni. The Duke of Guise hated him as an enemy, feared him as a rival, and was resolved to have his blood, as a man whose religious habits showed the impurity of his own. With all those strong stimulants to the passions of persecuting times, it is most revolting to see the leaders in a nation coveting to be the assassin. On the fatal night, the Duke of Guise sat up waiting for the tolling of the bell; and the signal had no sooner been thus given, than he rushed into the street, with a crowd of men of rank, all prepared for murder. The house where the admiral lodged was the first beset. The man employed to break open the door was Casseino, the officer of the guard. The whole number now poured into the house. The Swiss attendants on the stairs were the first stabbed; and in the *mêlée* two men, Besme, a Lorrainer, and Pistrucci, an Italian, both of the Duke of Guise's retainers, sprung up stairs, and attempted to force the doors of the suite of chambers where Coligni lay. The noise awakened him, and he called to one of his attendants to know its cause. The household were already out of their beds; and, from the clash of arms below, and the outcries of the soldiers coming from the street, they knew that their fate was at hand. The admiral then rose, threw on his night-gown, and bade Mealin, his secretary, read prayers to

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them. But his terror rendering him scarcely able to articulate, the admiral, calmly turning to his attendants, said, "Save yourselves, my friends. All is over with me. I have long been prepared for death." When they had all left the room but one, he knelt down, and committed his soul to God. The doors were successively burst open, and Besme sprang into the room. Seeing but an old man on his knees, he thought he had been disappointed of his prey, and hastily asked, "Where is Coligni?" "I am he," was the heroic answer. "Young man, if you are a soldier, as you seem to be, you ought to respect my gray hairs. But do what you will, you can only shorten my life by a few days." The ruffian instantly drove the sword through his heart. The soldiers now filled the room, and the corpse was hacked by every man's sword or dagger. Besme then went to the window, and cried out to Guise and D'Angouleme, who were standing in the street, that the murder was done. "Very well," was the chief murderer's answer; "M. D'Angouleme here will not believe it, unless he sees him at his feet." The proof was soon furnished. The corpse was thrown from the window at the feet of D'Angouleme; and, by the force of the concussion, the blood started out on the clothes and faces of the party. But Guise was not yet satisfied, and, to obtain full conviction, he took out his handkerchief, and wiped the blood off its countenance. The features of his old, noble antagonist were there; and, as the last triumph of an ungenerous and cruel heart, he ordered him to be decapitated; the body was left to

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the indignities of the rabble. After mangling and mutilating the senseless flesh till they were exhausted, they fastened ropes to it, and dragged it through the streets for several days. They then threw it into the Seine. But they now wanted an object for their horrible sport; and, after some time, they drew it out again, hung it by the heels to the gibbet of Montfaucon, put a fire under and roasted it! As if to leave no rank of France unstained, not only by the massacre, but by its lowest abominations, the king, hearing that the body of the man was roasting, whom but a few days before he had courted and flattered, and called the ornament of his court and kingdom, came with a showy *cortège* of his nobles to enjoy the spectacle. On some of the *cortège* turning away, offended with the smell, Charles laughed at their squeamishness, and said, as Vertellius had said before him, "You see, gentlemen, I do not turn away. The smell of a dead enemy is always good." The remains were afterward taken down by the humanity of De Montmorency, during the night, and hid for a while, until they could be interred at Montaubon. Long after, they were removed to the burial-place of the Coligni family. The head, on being cut off in the street, was sent to the queen-mother. With what emotions must that fiend of a woman have gazed on her hideous trophy! It was then transmitted to its final triumph—Rome.

When the morning came, the streets exhibited a frightful spectacle. Vast numbers had been killed in every quarter; many thrown out of the windows, and

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dashed to pieces on the pavement; many stabbed in the upper part of the houses, and hung bleeding from the casements. The assassins were still employed in flinging dead bodies into the streets; the passages of the great houses were heaped, in many instances, with corpses, and the streets filled with the rabble, shouting, and dragging the bodies, to throw them into the river. Yet a scene still more appalling was to be witnessed. Many of the Protestants, and those among the chief, had been massacred in the square, and near the Louvre, to which they had crowded, to gather round the *admiral.* Most of these gentlemen were well known at court, and but a few days before had been the sharers in the marriage entertainment. On that morning, the king, the court, and, most inconceivable of all, the *ladies* of the household, and *women of rank,* who had so lately banqueted with those unfortunate nobles and chevaliers, came down into the square of the Louvre, and walked among the corpses, recognizing them, and laughing and jesting at every face they recognized. Some of the insults offered to the helpless dead by those women, divested of their *nature* by the spirit of *bigotry,* defy description.

The massacre continued two days in full violence, and was renewed at intervals during the week. A royal proclamation to stop the bloodshed had been issued on Tuesday; but as no attempt was made to enforce it, the slaughter went on among those who had taken refuge. Seven or eight hundred, who had found places of shelter, were brought out and put to death;

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and all attempts by any of the royal party to save Protestants were reprobated at court as treason. The language of the Louvre was, that "to spare the heretics was betraying God and the king; that, although Coligni was dead, Navarre and Conde were both alive! that the war must be pushed to the uttermost; that Protestantism must not be suffered to raise its head, through any unwariness in the arm of faith." This massacre was regarded as only the primary step in the war of extermination.

LABOR.

Heart of the people! working men!
Marrow and nerve of human powers,
Who on your sturdy backs sustain,
Through streaming time, this world of ours;
Hold by that title, which proclaims
That ye are undismayed and strong;
Accomplishing whatever aims
May to the sons of earth belong.

And he who still and silent sits,
In closed room, or shady nook,
And seems to nurse his idle wits,
With folded arms or open book;
To things now working in that mind
Your children's children well may owe
Blessings that hope has ne'er defined,
Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

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Thus all must work, with *head* or *hand*,
For self or others, *good* or *ill;*
Life is ordained to bear, like land,
Some fruit, be fallow as it will;
Evil has force itself to sow,
Where we deny the healthy seed;
And all our choice is this—to grow
Pasture and grain, or noisome weed.

Thus in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each other's lot:
For those which seem the easiest parts,
Have labor which ye reckon not;
And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who from the task within his span
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of *good for man.*

MRS. JAMES MADISON.

THIS venerable and dignified lady died in the year 1849, over fourscore years of age. She was, in her youth, one of the most polished, elegant, brilliant, and beautiful females that ever graced the social circle. For many years previous to her death, she resided in Washington, where she received the respect which was so justly her due.

Mrs. Madison was a tall, dignified woman, with a full face, blue eyes, a somewhat florid complexion, and younger-looking than her age.

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Her dress was black, and in a style that comported well with her years; and upon her head she wore a white turban, with a black vail. Her manners had all the stateliness of "olden time," yet sweetly harmonized with the changes of later days. She expressed herself grateful to her countrymen for the favors they have extended toward her, in the recent acts of Congress, and evinced *that gratitude* in the cordiality with which she received every one who visited her.

Her house was a miniature museum of the fine arts. The greatest part of her collection was at her former residence, in Montpelier, Va.; but what had been removed to Washington well repaid the visitor, aside from the gratification of seeing their venerable possessor. Her collections in sculpture consisted of a statue of Napoleon crossing the Alps, by Canova; a bust of Washington, presented to Mr. Madison by a sculptor in Rome; and figures of deities, and other representations from the ancient mythology. Around on the walls of her parlor were suspended the heads of Columbus, Vespucius, Magellan, Cortez, and Sir Walter Raleigh, painted at the Escurial, in Spain. Above them hung the portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and Mr. and Mrs. Madison, by Gilbert Stuart, which Mrs. Madison says are very correct, and which fully justify Stuart's celebrity as a portrait-painter. If Mrs. Madison's is correct, she must have been a beautiful woman in her day, of which she retained some traces in her old age. Next to Washington, and according to the succession of presidents, hung the portrait of John Adams,

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painted by Trumbull, in his usual style. Through the folding doors that communicate to the back parlor, might be seen a *painting of Christ breaking bread after His resurrection.* This occupied nearly one side of the wall; it was purchased by Mrs. Madison's son, at the cost of two thousand dollars, and sent to her from Europe. Over the fire-place, in the same room, is a very old painting, representing a story in mythology. Her collection wound up with a number of rare engravings, and also fine sets of medals, on French and American subjects.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

BY REV. DR. BETHUNE.

I LOVE to sing when I am glad,
  Song is the echo of my gladness;
I love to sing when I am sad,
  Till song makes sweet my very sadness;
    'Tis pleasant time,
    When voices chime
  To some sweet rhyme in concert only;
    And song to me
    Is company—
  Good company, when I am lonely.

Whene'er I greet the morning light,
  My song goes forth in thankful numbers,
And 'mid the shadows of the night,
  I sing me to my welcome slumbers.

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My heart is stirred
By each glad bird
Whose notes are heard in summer's bowers;
And song gives birth
To friendly mirth
Around the hearth, in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,
From the bright angels o'er him singing;
And in our home, above the skies,
Glad anthems are forever ringing.
God lends His ear,
Well pleased to hear
The songs that cheer His people's sorrow,
Till day shall break,
And we shall wake
Where love will make unfading morrow.

Then let me sing while yet I may,
Like him God loved, the sweet-tongued Psalmist,
Who found in harp, and holy lay,
The charm that keeps the spirit calmest;
For sadly here
I need the cheer,
While sinful fear with promise blendeth;
Oh, how I long
To join the throng
Who sing the song that never endeth!

A. MAN who is so enamored of himself as to forget and neglect all others, is very apt to be left by others with the single object of his regard.

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THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

BY ANGELA, OF GLEN COTTAGE.

As you ascend the hill in the rear of the village, and walk along by the high bank that borders the valley of a silvery and winding stream, you will find yourself surrounded by varied scenery, so beautiful when taken into one view, that an artist could not desire a richer or more picturesque landscape.

The hill still above you, filled with those large spreading oaks, and other forest trees, is the place where rests our dead. And who that has seen it has not admired the spot, and felt that if consciousness could be known in the grave, it were almost bliss to be a sleeper there. It is true, that art has done but little to improve the grounds of our cemetery; yet the deep shade of those old forest trees, so protecting in their venerable appearance, gives to it an aspect of quiet beauty seldom found. They lift up their ancient arms to meet the first bright rays of the summer sun, and then, as the light is softened through a green vail, they seem to spread it out, mingled with the shadow of their trembling leaves, on those they watch below.

Often have I gazed on that sad, beautiful inclosure when the last gleam of the setting sun seemed to sleep more calmly, as it lay down to repose with the silent dead; and its faintest glow lingered longest among its monuments and graves.

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You will find a few shrubs and flowers, placed there by the soft hand of affection; the snowberry and live-forever flourish in the greenest beauty over the forms we once loved, and whose written epitaphs respond to those within our own bosoms; the careful railing inclose those who were once dear to the living, and the enduring masonry points out the resting-places of those beloved. But there is one solitary *mound* there, that bears not even a name, beneath which sleeps *one* whose heroic and virtuous life was far too noble and good to be thus forgotten and unnoticed in death.

Poverty is not always a *sin*, though so often associated with vice, and crime, and degradation, that we are half inclined to blame, rather than pity the poor. But though indolence and want of energy are too often the parent of extreme indigence, yet there are exceptions when the good, the noble, the industrious are brought, by circumstances beyond the power of human foresight to prevent, into deep and bitter poverty. Often a series of afflictions, losses, or the injustice or want of honesty in others, bring upon families the chilling influence of want and woe.

But the poverty and wretchedness with which the inebriate curses his family, however virtuous and true-hearted they may be, is mingled with the bitterest dregs in the cup of life, and for which there is no remedy or relief. And when a worthy family are compelled to feel its iron grasp, it requires more than human strength to bear its untold sorrows, and more than a mere forced submission to feel resigned to evils brought upon them

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by one who might make them happy and blest, and who should protect them from ills from which his arm might defend them.

Mrs. Beckford was a victim of the long and deep consumption; always feeble and in precarious health, yet never relaxing in industry and efforts for her family. Her husband had burnt out every green leaf of tenderness and care for his family, with the fires of strong drink; and after having reduced them to a state bordering almost upon beggary, when they were most dependent upon him, he cruelly left them, with only that last miserable resource—the cold charities of the world.

Compelled to the necessity and the effort, what *will not, can not* woman do for those beloved? It was this that roused the unwonted energy of this lone woman to exert herself to the utmost boundary of her feeble strength, in supporting a family of six children, left upon her care by an intemperate husband, and, of course, unnatural father, who chose to gratify a low and sensual appetite, rather than shed around the helplessnesses of infancy and childhood that love and protection which it so much needs.

Awake to her true state and condition, it aroused the most latent capability of body and of mind in this poor woman, to sustain and educate a lovely group of bright-eyed children, depending solely upon her, assisted only by the eldest of their number.

Her small cottage, hid almost by fruit trees, was just discernible from our windows; and often has it been sufficient reward for industrious application, to be al-

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lowed to make an unceremonious child's visit at her lowly dwelling; and when so fortunate as to get a piece of her nice brown bread, I wished, in the sincerity of my inexperienced heart, that we were only as poor, that this luxury might be enjoyed at home.

Olivia was the eldest, and was her mother's chief dependence; for she possessed the rare gift of doing all things well. She had improved her slender advantages of education, but had never acquired a trade, and yet was a proficient in all trades. Her genius, genuine taste, and good judgment made her skillful in every thing. With a gifted mind, she sought improvement with eagerness, and neglected no opportunity of advancement in knowledge and acquirements. Many a young lady, whose misspent hours are too plainly visible, in her want of industrious habits, and even of intelligence, might read a profitable lesson in the life and pursuits of this faithful daughter.

The energy acquired by early self-reliance was an ornament to her character, and enabled her to overcome obstacles in her pathway, of no ordinary kind, and gave her a place in the confidence and respect of the community which virtue and goodness can not fail to enjoy.

When she found that her mother was sinking in her health, and fearing that she soon might be deprived of her counsel, sympathy, and valuable life, a keen and irrepressible desire arose in her mind to make some effort to prolong her existence; and as it was then thought that sea air and food had a tendency to restore

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consumptive invalids, she set herself about procuring the means to attain this object.

She accomplished her plans, but not without much toil and a severe struggle, as at that time there existed no facilities of packet or railway traveling; and when she started this long, slow, patient journey, hoping that its influence might be restorative to her poor, suffering mother, the more fearful in heart looked on, surprised at such presumption; and the less devoted and affectionate daughters wondered at her temerity in such an undertaking. But the fearless girl had but *one purpose*, and that impelled her forward—braving dangers and meeting difficulties like a true *heroine*.

Cessation from toil and wearing care, together with the genial influences of pure, fresh, *outworld* air, and gentle, passive exercise, alleviated her more alarming symptoms, and were the active agents in restoring her to a more comfortable state of health; and every day seemed to add its more than golden influences to her little stock of strength, so that when she returned, Olivia seemed to have been well rewarded for her efforts and self-denial.

For a few years she was able to pursue her accustomed toil, making increasing efforts for those she loved, though always attended with the "wearing cough," and wasting of the flesh. And when, afterward, she began again to fail, she felt that disease had only been more secretly at work with the cords of life, and now *felt, knew*, that she must die! Olivia saw it, felt it, and could only ask for resignation to bear her deep weight

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of affliction, as it had become too evident that her own dear mother was destined for the grave!

Mrs. Beckford's feeble hands, so accustomed to be busy, could no longer move in obedience to her will, and with true submission to the allotments of her heavenly Father, whose love and confidence had been her strong refuge in times of deepest need, she resigned herself to His care, and patiently waited the mandate that should call her home, trusting in God, who had thus far been her own strength and support, to bless and sustain those *dear ones* she was so soon to leave alone in an unfriendly world.

Though poor in outward things, she was ever rich in faith and obedience, and had long taught her children that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Olivia had long given unmistakable evidence that she was governed by the heavenly precept of our holy religion, and in this trying hour enjoyed its richest promises and most soothing consolations.

The burden of life, which had been mutually borne, now wholly rested on her alone; yet she did not complain, but went forward in her trying duties, with a subdued spirit, acting the double part of attentive nurse and careful provider.

Who pauses, on the busy way of life, to observe even such instances of true and needy worth, or who, with warm and ready charity, puts forth the hand to alleviate or lighten the weight which almost crushes the heart with oppressive care?

As the hour of death drew nigh, the Christian graces

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of this excellent woman shone with increased brilliancy, as if the light of a better world already rested upon them. Calmly she contemplated the grave, and triumphantly reposed upon its brink.

The last night she remained on earth I was a watcher by her bedside: my first initiation to scenes of sorrow, and never can I forget that night! Often her spirit seemed struggling to be free; and as she gazed on us with her large, dark eyes, we understood their expression of anxiety for fresh air from the door and windows, that she might breathe more freely; or if quiet and easy, we stole softly to her side, or drew nearer, to see if she still lived. Thus the hours wore in sadness away, alternating between life and death, earth and heaven. Although hardly passed out of childhood, yet, when the beams of morning first began to break in upon the darkness of night, I felt that *years of sorrow* had been compressed into those few brief, but lingering hours.

She had already made her funeral arrangements; selected a favorite text; expressed to her pastor, for the last time, her consolations and her hopes; and after calling her children around her, to give them her last admonitions and her dying advice, just after morning dawned, her spirit departed to its heavenly home; and who can say how deeply that stricken group felt their *loss*, when they saw that their mother was no more!

It is often said, "Afflictions never come alone." In a few months after this stroke, another was inflicted, in the hopeless sickness of a younger sister, that Olivia

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watched, with all the care and assiduity of a tender mother, while by her unwonted industry she provided for those that remained dependent upon her.

But death soon ended the scene, and the young and lovely one was no more; and when she had closed the beloved eyes in their last sleep, bearing this bereavement mostly alone, she felt that her cup was full, though consoled with the hope, as she saw her laid down by the side of her mother, that she would rise with the just, in a glorious resurrection.

Death of friends is a sore affliction, but there are sorrows more aggravating than death!

When Olivia had passed through these sorrowful changes; was bereft of her dearest friends; had suffered the breaking up of family ties; had lost a home that had been dear to her, and was separated from all relatives with whom she had enjoyed a loved companionship, she was sad indeed; but when her *vagrant, heartless, intemperate* father returned, debased and degraded in body and in mind, to claim maintenance and care at her hands, after all that had passed, it seemed, for a while, too much, and most bitterly did she feel this last *rankling* and *darkest* sorrow. Duty and inclination had a struggle; but he was her *father*, and was perhaps at last, or might be, a penitent; but no, she had not even this consolation.

Not long, however, was she called to attend upon one who had cut himself off from his own family, by wantonly forsaking them when they most needed kindness and care; still, here came *religion*, dove-like and

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forgiving, and she rendered him "good for evil" while life remained. And when, after a few more months, this same family were assembled again in a funeral group, it was not, it could not be, with the same sincerity of grief as before, for how could they feel his loss now, who had been lost so long!

Olivia had witnessed the peaceful death of a Christian mother; had alone, and under trying circumstances, watched at the death-bed of an only sister, where perished many of the choicest buds and blossoms of her hopes; had felt the last plank of her refuge moving from beneath her; but nothing yet had left that painful track, like the blighting, scorching sensation of this new and unexpected trial—unalleviated by any hope for future life!

Time, though it can not heal the heart's deep wounds, yet often draws a friendly vail over the past, and alleviates and calms the first throbs of bitter agony, and fails not to blunt the edge of the keenest sorrows.

In a populous city, far from these scenes of her early trials, far from kindred and friends, with a heart full of the buried past, Olivia made for herself a home, while she won the confidence and custom of those who sought her services as a tasteful seamstress. Years rolled away, bringing change to others, that makes up the pleasing variety of life; but to her, it was the same monotonous round of *toil*—unceasing toil. She was constantly preparing others for scenes of pleasure, and the felicities of social intercourse, while she was wearing her life away, alone, in confinement and application.

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But, at length, her busy and skillful fingers grew thin and pale, her cheeks, full and round, grew hollow and colorless; but no complaint was uttered. Her fine, queenly form was losing its roundness, and her dark, intelligent eye its luster; but who would employ an invalid?

Concealing her own feelings and apprehensions, expecting nor asking neither sympathy nor care, she continued her exertions until the little thread of life was near breaking, and she felt that she should soon go to a home of rest.

Longing to breathe her last breath among kindred hearts, she entered with weak and trembling step a packet-boat, that brought her to the low but hospitable door of a brother, *only* to spend her few remaining days, and with loved ones to die.

In great weakness and suffering, she lived, after meeting her friends, but three days; having bright views of her Saviour's presence in this, her last hour of need.

Strangers watched by her bed, and felt a deep sympathy in the dying girl; they were impressed with an interest and an awe, as she feebly whispered brief sentences, radiant of her own triumphant hopes, in full view of a better life; but could they have known her history, her life of *trial*, of *toil*, of *sacrifice*, they would have felt it a privilege to be with her in those dying moments, and to comfort and be near a spirit that angels would soon "delight to honor."

But, unknown and unregarded, strangers bore her to her burial; and among the dead on yonder hill, where

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not a *name* or a *flower* marks the spot, far from the place of her early home, sleeps, in silence and forgetfulness, the *dust* of Olivia.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

The holy voice of God—'tis heard
When awful thunder peals around,
When the huge rocks, by lightnings scarred,
Fall crashing to the ground;
When forests tremble at His nod—
Then do we hear the voice of God!

In the light breathing of the breeze,
That stirs the quivering aspen tree—
In the low murmur of the seas,
And in the wind's soft minstrelsy;
When waves the tall grass on the sod—
In these we hear the voice of God!

When loudly raves the winter storm,
And snow comes on its white wing down,
When darkening clouds the heavens deform,
And leafless trees through frost-wreaths frown,
Then o'er the earth he shakes his rod—
That tempest is the voice of God!

There is a "still, small voice" within
Our hearts, that speaks of crimes forgiven—
That bids us leave the paths of sin,
And tells us how to seek for heaven;
This guides us through life's thorny road—
This surely is the voice of God! M. A. B.

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A HUNTING INCIDENT IN INDIA.

No country in the world affords so many temptations for the sportsman as India. The whole face of the country in the East seems alive; a thousand species of birds, unknown in Europe; a thousand kinds of different animals, omitted by our best zoologists; a thousand venomous, but beautiful reptiles, vivify the scene.

I was strolling through a wood, "high up the country," with my Manton on my shoulder, my thoughts all centered in Europe, when I heard a curious noise, in a tree almost immediately above me. I looked up, and found that the sounds proceeded from a white monkey, who skipped from branch to branch, chattering away with delight on beholding a "fellow-creature of a larger growth," for so he decidedly seemed to consider me. For a few moments I took no notice of his antics, and walked quietly along, till suddenly a large branch fell at my feet, narrowly escaping my head. I again paused, and found that the missile had been dropped by my talkative friend. Without consideration, I instantly turned round and fired at him.

The report had scarcely sounded, when I heard the most piercing, the most distressing cry that ever reached my ears. The agonized shriek of a young infant burst from the little creature whom I had wounded. It was within thirty paces of me; I could see the wretched

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animal, already stained with blood, point to its wound, and again hear its dreadful moan. The last agony of a hare is harrowing, and I have seen a young sportsman turn pale on hearing it. The present cry, however, was more distressing. I turned round, and endeavored to hurry away. This, however, I found no easy task, for as I moved forward, the unhappy creature followed me, springing as well as he could, from bough to bough, uttering a low, wailing moan, and pointing at the same time to the spot whence the blood trickled. Then regarding me steadily, but mournfully, in the face, it seemed to reproach me with my wanton cruelty. Again I hastened on, but still it pursued me. When I stopped, it stopped; when I attempted to move forward it accompanied me. Never, in the whole course of my life, did I feel so much for a dumb animal; never did I so keenly repent an act of uncalled-for barbarity.

Determined not to allow the poor monkey thus to linger in torture, and at once to end the annoying scene, I suddenly came to a halt, and lowering my gun, which was only single-barreled, I was about to reload it, for the purpose of dispatching the maimed creature, when, springing from the tree, it ran to within about half a dozen paces of me, and began to cry so piteously, and roll itself in agony—occasionally picking up earth, with which it attempted to stanch the blood, by stuffing it into the wound—that, in spite of my resolution, when I fired I was so nervous that I only broke the animal's leg, and nothing more. Again its piercing shriek rang

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in my ears. Horrified beyond endurance, I threw down my gun, and actually fled.

In about half an hour I returned, for the purpose of fetching my Manton, fully expecting that the poor animal had left the spot. What, then, was my surprise to find a crowd of monkeys surrounding the wretched sufferer. As I advanced, under the shade of some trees, I stole almost close to them before they saw me. I took advantage of this circumstance to pause for a moment and watch their movements. The stricken monkey was crying out in the most piteous manner; the others were employed in tearing open the wounds, trying to destroy the already dreadfully maimed creature. A shout drove them all away, save the dying animal. I advanced; the little creature was rolling in agony. I took up my gun, which lay beside him. I fancied he cast one look of supplication on me, one prayer to be relieved from his misery. I did not hesitate; with one blow of the but-end I dashed out his brains. Then turning round, I slowly returned to my quarters, more profoundly dispirited than I had felt for months. If you must live in India, never shoot a monkey.

Pride counterbalances all our miseries; for it either hides them, or if it discloses them, boasts of that disclosure. Pride has such a thorough possession of us, even in the midst of our miseries and faults, that we are prepared to sacrifice life with joy, if it may but be talked of.

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AARON BURR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

The history of every nation is fraught with romantic incidents. England has the story of her Alfred; Scotland, of her Wallace, her Bruce, her Mary, and her Charles Stuart; Ireland, of her Fitzgerald; France, her man with the iron mask, and Maria Antoinette; Poland, her Thaddeus; and Russia, her Siberian exiles. But we very much doubt whether any exceed in interest the exceedingly touching story of Aaron Burr and his daughter: the accomplished, the beautiful, and devoted Theodosia. The rise and fall of Burr in the affections of his countrymen, are subjects of deep historical interest. At one time we see him carried on the wave of popular favor, to such a giddy height, that the presidency seemed almost within his grasp, which he only missed to become the second officer in the new republic. He became vice-president of the United States.

How rapid his rise! And then his fall, how sudden! how complete! In consequence of his duel with Hamilton, he became a fugitive from justice; is indicted for murder by the grand jury of New Jersey; flies to the South; lives for a few months in obscurity, until the meeting of Congress, when he comes forth and takes the chair as president of the Senate. After his term expires, he goes to the West; becomes the leading spirit in a scheme of ambition to invade Mexico (very few will

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now believe he sought the dismemberment of the Union); is brought back, a prisoner of state, to Richmond, charged with high treason; is tried, and acquitted; is forced to leave his native land and go to Europe. In England he is suspected, and retires to France, where he lived in reduced circumstances; at times not being able to procure a meal of victuals. After an absence of several years he finds means to return home; he lands in Boston, without a cent in his pocket, an object of distrust to all.

Burr had heard no tidings of his daughter since his departure from home; he was anxious to hear from her, her husband, and her boy, an only child, in whom his soul seemed bound up. The first news he heard was, that his grandchild had died while he was an outcast in foreign lands, which stroke he keenly felt. Theodosia, the daughter of Burr, was the wife of Governor Alston, of South Carolina. She was married young, and while her father was near the zenith of his fame. She was beautiful and accomplished; a lady of the finest feelings, an elegant writer, a devoted wife, a fond mother, and a most dutiful and loving daughter, who clung with redoubled affections to the fortunes of her father, as the clouds of adversity gathered around him and he was deserted by the friends he had formerly cherished. The first duty Burr performed after his arrival here, was to inform Mrs. Alston of his return. She immediately wrote back to him that she was coming to see him, and would meet him in a few weeks in the city of New York. This letter was couched in the most affection-

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ate terms, and is another evidence of the purity and power of a woman's love. In expectation of seeing his daughter in a few days, Burr received much pleasure. She had become his all on earth. Wife, grandchild, friends, and all were gone: his daughter alone remained to cheer and solace the evening of his life.

THE TOMB OF BYRON.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

It is but a few years ago that I stood by the grave of one of the greatest poets, and one of the most extraordinary men, in this or any other age. It was in a miserable little village! He had dwelt in lands of renown—in lands of present and perpetual beauty—he had walked with the mightiest, the wisest, and most illustrious of the earth, and not only the multitude, but they also had looked upon him with wonder and admiration. He had desired pleasure, and had reaped it down to the coarse and jagged stubble of pain and barrenness. He had panted for renown, and had won it in its fullness. He had rejoiced to sail on wide seas, had sat amid the eternal and magnificent mountains, and gathered up thoughts of everlasting grandeur. He had even turned in scorn from his native land, and said that his bones should never lie in its bosom; but death stood before him, and his heart melted and acknowledged its allegiance to the mighty power of nature—to the irresistible force of early ties, and here, from all his wanderings, all his speculations, and all his renown, to

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this little obscure, unattractive nook of earth, he was brought! Nature was more powerful than time or space, passion or fame. Dust must mingle with its kindred dust!

THE HEART.

The heart—the heart! Oh, let it be
A true and bounteous thing;
As kindly warm, as nobly free,
As eagle's meeting wing.
Oh, keep it not like miser's gold,
Shut in from all beside,
But let its precious stores unfold
In mercy far and wide.
The heart—the heart—that 's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

The heart—the heart. Oh, let it spare
A sigh for others' pain;
The breath that soothes a brother's care
Is never spent in vain.
And though it throb at gentlest touch,
Or sorrow's faintest call,
'T were better it should ache too much
Than never ache at all.
The heart—the heart—that 's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

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BATTLE OF BLOODY BROOK.

Every incident connected with the history of our country, in which the valor of our forefathers was signally displayed, comes down to us with all the interest of self-love, and all the freshness of romance. We love to dwell, for reasons better felt than explained, on the deeds of our sires, and on the times that tried their souls. It was thus with our forefathers, when an attack was anticipated from the combined forces of the Indians on the little nucleus of farm-houses at the present beautiful village of Deerfield, in Massachusetts. A little army had collected at Hadley, composed of the hardy peasantry of the valley, determined on decisive and desperate efforts against the enemy. The produce which had been gathered and housed at Deerfield, was necessary for the support of this band of determined yeomanry, and for the affrighted families who had there congregated; nor was it desirable that so much valuable substance should fall into the hands of the Indians, as it would enable them more effectually to continue their bloody warfare. It was therefore resolved that one hundred choice young men, justly denominated the "flower of the country," should be selected to go with teams, in the face of danger, and transport the products of the soil from Deerfield to Hadley. The expedition was cheerfully undertaken by the requisite number of brave youths. Already were their teams loaded and on their way to their place of destination. The

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watchful enemy had, however, obtained intelligence of the expedition, and, with the greatest secrecy and celerity, collected in fearful numbers on a neighboring hill, shut out from view by the dense forest with which it was crowned. Here their eloquent chief encouraged them, by every effort of language and of gesture, to deeds of bravery and desperation. Their plans were matured, and every means devised, which power and stratagem could suggest, to destroy the devoted band, and to capture the treasures in their charge. And now their royal leader, with all the fervor and enthusiasm which had characterized the most potent warrior and consummate general that the history of savage life had ever developed, broke forth, and thus revealed his great and impassioned mind. (Although history makes no mention that King Philip was the leader of this expedition, yet the Indians have this tradition among *themselves,* and his absence from his seat at Mount Hope about this time, leaves no doubt but that he took advantage of the occasion to display his own prowess, and to assist these tribes in warfare against the whites.)

"Warriors, see you the treasures of the pale faces—the richest stores of the long knives! See you the young men, few and feeble, that yonder carelessly stroll in the valley! See you *our* numbers, and the brave warriors that stand around you, and feel not your hearts strong! Is not your arm powerful, and your soul valiant! And who is he that goes before you! Who will direct you in the ambush and the fight! Is it not he who never knew fear! Whose heart is like the mountain,

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and his arm like the forest oak! The great chief of the Narragansetts, whose people are like the leaves, and whose warriors are the terror of the pale faces! Follow him, and all is yours. Each hatchet give a fatal aim—sink deep these knives! These arrows drink their blood! away! to death! our fathers and our homes!"

The wild spirit of the proud and lofty Philip ran like electricity through the savage horde. Each burned for the affray, and quickly sprang into the trail of his great captain. Silently he glided from the mountain, and cowered along the meadow land that lay in a vale by the road-side. Here, deeply immersed in the luxuriant wild grass, shrink one thousand warriors, fiend-like, exulting in the anticipated victory and slaughter!

Now came the train of teams, cautiously guarded thus far by the chosen corps, and descended the small hill which conducted them into the green vale, traversed by the road, and near which lay concealed the foe, ready to dart on their prey. Tradition says, that here the noble youths, dreaming little of danger from the enemy, rested for the moment, and gathered grapes from the clustering vines, that hung thick with their rich fruit by the road-side; when, "sudden as the spark from smitten steel," the thousand savage forms sprang from their ambush, and, with hideous yells, rushed to the fight. The vigorous youths, unterrified by the sudden assault, the yells, or the fearful numbers of the enemy, instantly rallied, and as quickly brought their rifles to their shoulders. They had received the

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cloud of arrows, as the savages approached within bow-shot of their victims. But now, in turn, the fatal lead, from a still more deadly weapon, made many a savage warrior bite the ground. The certain aim of the young band told death to many of the clan; still onward they pressed over their dead, and thickly hurled their missiles. Again, with deadly aim, the fire of the little and determined group of whites brought down some of the foremost of the desperate foe, and threw confusion into their ranks. A gleam of hope broke through the fearful prospect, and for a moment relieved the doubts which the overwhelming numbers and fierce desperation of the savages had inspired.

But quickly in front was heard the animating voice of their valiant chieftain, and as quickly did they rally and return the destructive fire. The noble youths, with half their numbers slain, resolved to sell their lives at fatal cost. Nor was a nerve thrilled with fear, or a heart disposed to falter, as their ultimate fate now became too plainly apparent. Still onward, with brutal force, wrought to madness by the example and the thundering voice of the gigantic Philip, pressed the exulting foe.

To utmost deeds have *Lathrop* now inspired the daring band, as each had caught from him the thrilling cry: "Our God! our homes! our country and our sires!" But in an instant, pierced with many arrows, he falls among the slain. The heroic captain, "the bravest of the brave," now fallen, the enemy express their fiendish joy in loud and terrific yells. The fight

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thickens, and man conflicts with man. The dying groans of the Christian nerve each arm, which still deeper returns successive blows.

Impelled with fury at the destruction which was yet making in their ranks by the almost superhuman efforts of the brave whites, they strove, with all the brutality of fiends, to complete their deadly work. At length the number of the valiant youths was reduced to a solitary few, when the foremost of these, on turning to animate his comrades, saw himself supported by only seven of his associates. These, finding all efforts of victory hopeless, and that longer warfare would but add to the scalps of the victors, dashed their weapons in the face of the foe, and attempted to escape. The two who stood last in this unequal conflict—the most athletic of the chivalrous corps—bounding over the slain, took a direction toward the Deerfield river, followed by two hundred Indians, hurling, with almost deadly precision, their arrows and hatchets. The whizzing of those missiles urged the powerful remnant to their utmost speed. One of these, plunging into the stream, vainly attempted to reach its opposite bank; pierced by the arrows of the savages, he sank lifeless to its bottom, while the other, running along the shore, screened by the underbrush on its banks, silently sunk into the water. Here, amid a thick and dark cluster of weeds and bushes, he supported himself by the trunk of an old tree lying on the edge of the stream, with his face sufficiently elevated to admit of respiration, until the Indians had relinquished their search for

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him, continually hearing their hasty tramp and fearful yells of disappointment. When all was still, and during the darkness of night, he swam across the river, and, stiff and cold, began his march for Hadley, where he arrived on the following day, the last and only living witness, as tradition says, of the battle of Bloody Brook. Reader, this youth was the writer's grandfather!

Returning to the spot which history has so justly designated as "Bloody Brook," the barbarous enemy, on completing their destruction of life, began that of the dead. The busy scalping-knife was doing its frightful office, and the naked heads, severed from the lifeless trunks, were dancing high in air, on the points of poles. The sickening sight made the less savage foe revolt. Death had not done its last kind duties when this infernal sport commenced. The convulsive throe still showed the struggle between life and death. The spouting blood, still warm with life, was seen to gush forth from the gaping wounds, and trickling along the green sward, found a repository in the gurgling brook near by. The gory rills were fast purpling the little stream, and transporting the red tide down to oblivion, the richest flood that ever rivulet bore. All around was horror, torture, and death; when suddenly appeared on the brow of the hill a large company of white men, who had come from Greenfield, with all possible haste, to the succor of their brethren. But alas, it was too late! The scene we have described was presented instead. Filled with rage and madness,

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this furious band rushed down the hill upon the brutal force, yet gloating in blood, and falling like lions among them, made terrible havoc. Alarmed at this furious and unexpected assault, the savages sprang, with fear and desperate fleetness, from the scene, striving only to escape the death which their barbarity so justly merited. But full many a savage warrior fell by the strong arm of the vengeful white man, as flight alone saved the few remaining enemy.

A sad duty now devolved on the final victors. They dug on the spot the sepulcher which to this day contains the commingling dust of their youthful brethren, and over its mouth is to be seen a smooth, flat stone, the only humble testimonial to posterity. Yes, there, by the side of the road leading from the pretty villages we have mentioned, and near the little nook destined to give immortality to the event, may the curious traveler, as he passes through the green fields of Connecticut valley, see the mound which designates the place where fought and sleep the unhonored brave! Peace to your manes, heroic youths! Your country's history shall preserve your memories!

It is not a little curious, among the phenomena of mind, to mark the effect that external objects have in recalling long lost impressions. While standing on the spot, thus hallowed by deeds of bravery, and while dwelling on the scenes which the imagination was picturing before me, I was at once overwhelmed with the vividness of the past. Circumstances, localities, in which these scenes were related to me by my grand-

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sire, while yet a boy, started fresh into life. More than thirty years have elapsed since, and yet every word that dropped from his venerated lips, while relating to me the affray of "Bloody Brook," came before me more freshly than the dreams of yesternight. He was then but eighteen years of age, of powerful mold, and great muscular activity. These thrilling particulars were presented to my mind on the consecrated spot, to which neither tradition nor history has yet done justice.

CLOUDS.

COLERIDGE.

I CAN not look above, and see
  Yon high-piled pillowy mass
Of evening clouds, so swimmingly
  In gold and purple pass,
And think not, Lord, how thou wast seen
  On Israel's desert way,
Before them, in a shadowy screen,
  Pavilion'd all the day;

Or of those robes of gorgeous hue,
  Which the Redeemer wore,
When, ravished from His followers' view,
  Aloft His flight He bore;
When lifted, as on mighty wing,
  He curtained His ascent,
And, wrapt in clouds, went triumphing
  Above the firmament!

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Is it a trail of that same pall
Of many-colored dyes,
That, high above, o'ermantling all,
Hangs midway down the skies?
Or borders of those sweeping folds,
Which shall be all unfurl'd
About the Saviour, when He comes
In judgment o'er the world?

For in *like* manner as He went,
My soul, hast thou forgot?
Shall be His terrible descent,
When man expecteth not!
Strength, Son of Man! against that hour,
Be to our spirits given,
When thou shall come again in power,
Upon the clouds of heaven!

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

THIS eminent man was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, December 17th, 1778. In his fifteenth year he became the pupil of Mr. Barlase, of Penzance, to prepare for graduating as a physician at Edinburgh. By the time he was eighteen, he acquired the rudiments of botany, anatomy, and physiology, the minor branches of mathematics, metaphysics, natural philosophy, and chemistry; but it was to chemistry that his powers were principally directed. He now became acquainted with Mr. Davies Gilbert and Mr. Gregory Watt, and

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was by them introduced to Dr. Beddoes, who prevailed on him to suspend his design of going to Edinburgh, and to accept the superintendence of the Pneumatic Institution at Bristol. It was while he was at Bristol that he made his experiments on nitrous oxide, which he published under the title of "Researches, Chemical and Philosophical." The fame which he thus acquired led to his being elected, in 1800, professor of chemistry at the Royal Institution. As a lecturer, his popularity was unbounded. In 1802, he was chosen to fill the professorship to the Board of Agriculture; and the lectures which he delivered in this capacity were subsequently embodied in his Elements of Agricultural Chemistry. Having at his command all the "appliances and means" furnished by the powerful apparatus of the Royal Institution, Davy began and pursued that course of scientific investigation which has immortalized his name. The discovery of the metallic bases of the *alkalies* and *earths*, the creation of the science of *electro-chemistry*, the invention of the *safety lamp*, and the mode of preserving the *copper sheathing of ships*, form only a part of his labors. In 1818, he was created a baronet; and, in 1820, was elected president of the Royal Society. The presidency he resigned in 1827, in consequence of the declining state of his health obliging him to travel. Unfortunately, his constitution was too far broken to be restored by a milder climate; and he died at Geneva, May 30, 1829. Besides the works already mentioned, Davy is the author of numerous papers in the Philosophical Transactions; and of

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Salmonia, or, Days of Fly-fishing; and Consolations in Travel. They were his last productions.

The estimation in which religion was held by this distinguished philosopher, may be seen in the following extract from Salmonia: "I envy," says Sir Humphrey, "no quality of mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness—creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights—awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity—makes an instrument of torture and of shame, the ladder of ascent to paradise—and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, and annihilation." His last work, "Consolations in Travel," develops still more fully his views and hopes as a Christian.

Things have various qualities, and the mind various inclinations; for nothing presents itself simply to the mind, neither does the mind apply itself simply to any subject. Hence, the same thing will at different times produce tears or laughter.

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LOUIS PHILIPPE, THE LATE KING OF FRANCE.

THIS prince is a lineal descendant of Philip, the first duke of Orleans, a son of Louis XIV., sometimes called Louis the Grand. Louis Philippe was the eldest of three sons of Philip, duke of Orleans, who promoted the grand "Revolution" of France, and, to show himself a true French democrat, abjured his privilege of the peerage, laid aside all his aristocratic titles, and assumed the name of *Egalité.*

The grateful people, to reward such devotion to their cause, beheaded him in 1793. The young prince early joined the revolutionary army, and served with distinction in Flanders. The blood-royal which flowed in his veins rendered him an object of suspicion, and he was soon obliged to flee into Switzerland. Here, for eight months, he taught geography, the French and English languages, and mathematics; and, on quitting the professorship which he had occupied at Reihenau, he received a certificate, acknowledging his services. Maintaining his incognito, he was elected to the Assembly at Cairo. Being desirous of warlike distinction, he returned to the army, and acted as aid-de-camp to General Montesquieu, till 1794, when, the Jacobins still seeking his life, he abandoned France, repaired to Hamburg, traveled thence to Denmark and Sweden, and settled in Christina, in Norway. From Norway he

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passed into the country of the Laplanders, traversed on foot to the land extending to the Gulf of Bothnia, returned to Denmark, and passed again into Germany. Here he received a communication from his mother, informing him that she was in prison, and his brothers in dungeons in Marseilles; but that the Directory had promised to liberate them, if she could persuade her eldest son to retire to America. This proposition met his immediate compliance, and he embarked, under an assumed name, and as a Dane, in the ship America, Captain Ewing, sailing between Hamburg and Philadelphia. The captain regarded him as a runaway gambler; and a French West India planter on board employed him as interpreter, remarking that "he talked very good French for a Dane."

His brothers reached Philadelphia about the same time, and were presented to Washington, who invited them to Mount Vernon. Here they made an agreeable visit, and then, with an "itinerary," furnished by Washington, during four months, explored the western country, on horseback. One of them, in writing to his sister, says: "To give an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I shall tell you that we have spent fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all sorts of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves, and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef and Indian corn bread." Thus they traveled three thousand miles. On returning to New York, intelligence reached them that their mother, with the rest of the Bourbons, had been ban-

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ished from France, and that she had taken refuge in Spain. In attempting to join her, their vessel was run down by another carrying the tri-colored flag; but to their agreeable disappointment, she proved to be English.

Louis Philippe became attached to the eldest princess of the royal family of Naples, shortly after his return to Europe, and married her. Both families were exiles. She is his present consort. She was born in 1782, and bears the name of Mary Amelia. After a union of more than thirty years, their mutual attachment and respect remain unabated. The family of this monarch was considered the finest among the royal families of Europe. His sons are all spirited, intelligent, and duteous, and have acquitted themselves as brave soldiers and men of judgment.

But an unfortunate persistence in a too stringent policy brought upon the citizen king the Revolution of February, 1848, by which he was forced to flee from the Tuileries in disguise. France was declared a republic, and himself and family are again in exile. The bounty of England gives them a residence at Claremont. That his policy was dangerous to his own safety, was perceptible to observers. D. Parish Barhydt, in his "Letters from Europe," in September, 1847, thus graphically wrote: "It is now eleven o'clock, the hour at which the police regulations require that these places of amusement be closed. Suddenly marches in a squad of soldiers; they scatter around the room; when down with a clang come the but-ends of their muskets upon

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the floor. The lights begin to disappear; the music ceases; the dancers hastily commence moving toward the door. Behind each group, silently and promptly, falls into line a soldier, with his bayoneted musket shouldered. Not one group or individual of the crowd of pleasuring men and women but is within reach of a bayonet point. Ah! this is stern—it is a history—what a revelation!—a revolution! What a police—what a people—what precautions—what smoldering fires are here!"

HYMN OF PRAISE.

BY CALEB CUSHING.

We praise thee, God, when morning's ray
In orient skies begins to shine,
And once again returning day
Wakes on this glorious world of thine.

We praise thee, God, whose mighty hand,
Supreme in love, supreme in power,
Rolls on the sun from land to land,
To light and glad each fleeting hour.

We praise thee, God, at evening tide,
With all the starry hosts on high,
Which beam as if thy throne beside,
To hymn thy greatness through the sky.

At morn, at noon, at eve, we praise
Thy might and grace on bended knee,
And hearts of grateful joy still raise
Creator, Saviour, God, to thee.

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WASHINGTON'S RELIGIOUS HABITS AND CHARACTER.

By the united voice of the people, Washington was elevated to the high office of President of the United States.

In this exalted station, his conduct continued to be distinguished by the same uniform and punctual observance of religious duties which had always marked his life. As he was chiefly resident in Philadelphia during the years of his administration, he had a pew in church; and during all the time he was in government, he was *punctual* in his attendance on divine worship. His seat was seldom vacant, when the weather would permit him to attend. In regard to his habits at that time, the living grandson of Mrs. Washington, George W. Custis, Esq., of Arlington, bears the following testimony: On Sundays, unless the weather was uncommonly severe, the president and Mrs. Washington attended divine service; and in the evening the president read to Mrs. Washington, in her chamber, a sermon, or some portion from the sacred writings.

It may here be added, simply as evidence of his devotional habits, that he always said grace at table. On one occasion, from the force of habit, he performed this duty himself when a clergyman was present—an instance of indecorum very unusual with him. Being told, after his departure, of the incivility, he expressed

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his regret at the oversight, but added, "the reverend gentleman will be at least assured that we are not entirely graceless at Mount Vernon."

The following interesting facts illustrate the habits of Washington, in reference to his private devotions:

You will recollect that a most interesting incident, in relation to the great American commander-in-chief, has been related as follows: That, while here with the army, he was frequently observed to visit a secluded grove. This excited the curiosity of a Mr. Potts, of the Society of Friends, who watched his movements at one of these seasons of retirement, till he perceived that he was on his *knees*, and engaged in *prayer*. Mr. Potts then returned, and said to his family, "Our cause is lost!" (as he was one of the Tories), stating this incident as the reason for his opinion. This interesting anecdote in the life of our venerated Washington is told by a man of the name of Davault Beaver, an aged veteran, who had the statement from Mr. Potts and his family.

General Knox, also, was an accidental witness of the same, and was fully apprised that *prayer* was the object of the commander's frequent visits to the grove. This officer was especially devoted to the person of Washington, and had very free and familiar access to him, and knew his private habits. During that winter, he lodged in a log hut, with Mrs. Washington, and in common with the officers and soldiers of the army, which was probably the cause of his finding devotional retirement in the grove.

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Another instance of his religious habits, during the war, is told by a relative of his, who was captain of the general's body-guard during a greater part of the war, and knew very well his views and habits:

"While encamped at a place in New Jersey, a soldier arrived one morning at daybreak, with dispatches for the commander-in-chief, from a distant division of the army. As soon as his business was known, he was directed to me, as captain of the body-guard, to whom he came forthwith; and, giving me his papers, I repaired at once to the general's quarters. On my way to his room, after reaching the house, I had to go along a narrow passage of some length. As I approached his door—it being nearly dark—I was arrested by the sound of a voice. I paused, and listened for a moment, when I distinguished it as the general's voice, and in another moment found that he was engaged in audible prayer. As in his earnestness he had not heard my footsteps, or, if he heard me, did not choose to be interrupted, I retired to the front of the dwelling, till I supposed him unengaged. When no longer hearing his voice, I knocked at his door, which, being promptly opened, I delivered the dispatches, received an answer, and dismissed the soldier."

The leader of our armies, though oppressed with cares and labors—an unequaled burden, yet forsakes his couch at dawn of day, to derive strength from Heaven for his great work; and may we not believe that by *that strength* he prevailed?

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THE LAMA.

THE Foreign Quarterly Review puts its seal to the following affecting particulars respecting the Lama, which it describes as authentic:

"The Lama is the only animal associated with man and undebased by the contact. The Lama will bear neither beating nor ill-treatment. They go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance ahead as guide. If tired, they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian, becoming uneasy toward sunset, after all sorts of precautions, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waves his hand coaxingly toward the Lamas, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time, in the softest tone, and with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates 'ic-ic-ic!' If the Lamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill humor, they do not even turn their heads toward the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven, with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of a happier existence.

"The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy

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skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air at once noble and sensitive. It must be so, in fact, for the Lama *is the only creature employed by man that he dare not strike.* If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats, what the Lama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and, without attempting to escape ill-treatment by flight (the Lama is never tied or fettered), he lies down, turning his looks toward heaven. Large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes; sighs issue from his breast; and in a half or three quarters of an hour, at most, he expires. Happy creatures! who so easily avoid suffering by death! Happy creatures! who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indians, amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head, that he may not see the burden on his back. It is the same in unloading; if the burden exceeds a certain weight, the animal throws itself down, and dies. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone possess patience enough, and gentleness sufficient, to manage the Lama.

The inventions of men progressively improve from age to age. The goodness and the wickedness of men in general remain the same.

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BLUNDERING INTO WEALTH.

Lord Timothy Dexter, of Massachusetts—more famed for his money than wit—very anxiously inquired of some merchants whom he knew, how he should dispose of a few hundred dollars. Willing to hoax him, they answered, "Why, buy a cargo of warming-pans, and send them to the West Indies, to be sure." Not suspecting the trick, he bought all the warming-pans he could find, and sent them to a country and climate where ice would have been more acceptable. The warming-pans, however, met with rapid sale, the tops being used for strainers, and the lower part for dippers in the manufacture of molasses. With the proceeds of this valuable cargo he built a vessel, and being informed that whales were wanted, he called on an acquaintance for an explanation who, being disposed, like every body else, to impose on his stupidity, said, "Whale bones, to be sure." Whale bones were bought in immense quantity. The ship-carpenters had, of course, a hearty laugh at his expense; but, by a singular turn of fortune, this blunder was the means of increasing his wealth, and his coffers were filled with these odd speculations.

It is authentically stated that Dexter, soon after his accession to fortune, offered to pave one of the streets of his native place on condition that his native townsmen should confer on him the title of "Lord." Innumera-

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ble are the anecdotes related of this eccentric person. He once wrote a book, rejecting all capitals and points, but adding several pages of them at the close, remarking, "that the reader could pepper the text to suit himself."

THE HALLS OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

MONTEZUMA II. ascended the throne of Mexico A.D. 1602, at the age of twenty-three, before Mexico had been discovered by Europeans. He died on the 30th of June, 1624, in the forty-second year of his age, of wounds inflicted by the Spanish discoverers, whom he had invited to his royal palace.

On ascending the throne, not content with the spacious residence of his father, he erected another, much more magnificent, fronting on the *plaza mayor* of the present city of Mexico. So vast was this great structure, that, as one of the historians informs us, the space covered by its terraced roof might have afforded room for thirty knights to run their course in a regular tourney.

His father's palace, although not so high, was so extensive that the visitors were too much fatigued in wandering through the apartments, ever to see the whole of it. The palaces were built of red stone, ornamented with marble, the arms of the Montezuma family (an eagle bearing a tiger in its talons) being sculptured over the main entrance. Crystal fountains, fed by great res-

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ervoirs on the neighboring hills, played in the vast halls and gardens, and supplied water to hundreds of marble baths in the interior of the palaces. Crowds of nobles and tribular chieftains were continually sauntering through the halls, or loitering away their hours in attendance on the court. Rich carvings in wood adorned the ceilings; beautiful mats of palm-leaf covered the floors.

The walls were hung with cotton, richly stained, the skins of wild animals, or gorgeous draperies of feather-work, wrought in imitation of birds, insects, and flowers, in glowing radiance of colors. Clouds of incense, from golden censers, diffused intoxicating odors through splendid apartments, occupied by nine hundred wives, and five thousand slaves of Montezuma.

He encouraged science and learning, and public schools were established throughout the greater part of his empire. The city of Mexico, in his day, numbered twice as many inhabitants as at present, and one thousand men were daily employed in watering and sweeping its streets, keeping them so clean that a man could traverse the whole city with as little danger of soiling his feet as his hands. A careful police guarded the city. Extensive arsenals, granaries, warehouses; an aviary, for the most beautiful birds; menageries; houses for reptiles and serpents; a collection of human monsters; fish-ponds, built of marble; museums and public libraries, all on the most extensive scale, added their attractions to the great city of the Aztecs. Gorgeous temples, in which human victims were sacrificed, and their blood

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baked in bread, or the bodies dressed for food, to be devoured by the people at religious festivals, reared their pyramidal altars far above the highest edifices.

Thousands of their brother men were thus sacrificed annually. The temple of Maxtili, their war-god, was so constructed, that its great alarm-gong sounding to battle, roused the valley for three leagues around, and called three hundred thousand armed Aztecs to the immediate relief of their monarch.

So vast was the collection of birds of prey, in a building devoted to them, that five hundred turkeys, the cheapest meat in Mexico, were allowed for their daily consumption. Such were the "Halls of the Montezumas." The summer residence of the monarch, on the hill of Chapoltpec, overlooking the city, was surrounded by gardens of several miles in extent; and here were preserved, until the middle of last century, two statues of the emperor and his father. The great cypress tree, under which the Aztec sovereign and his associates once held their moonlight revels, still shades the royal gardens. Some of them, fifty feet in circumference, are several thousand years old, but are yet as green as in the days of the Montezumas, whose ashes, as are those of their ancestors, rendered sacred in the eyes of the native Mexicans, on the hill of Chapoltpec. Natural decay, and a waning population, now mark the seat of power of the great Montezumas.

Men consult only the ear, for want of the heart.

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DISBANDING OF THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WHEN has the sun in all its course, since time began, shone upon a scene like the disbanding of the Revolutionary army? Where is the history that can boast its equal! An army flushed with victory, that had just achieved the independence of its country, and given it a name among the nations; an army that with indescribable hardships fulfilled the high purposes of its enlistment, and that had just claims upon the treasury, as well as gratitude of the nation, is summoned upon parade for the last time; their arrearages are unpaid, they are without a dollar in their pockets; without a single day's ration in their knapsacks; hundreds of miles from home, which home may have been desolated in their absence by savage violence; many of them enfeebled by sickness and protracted sufferings, and all of them goaded to extreme sensitiveness by a most eloquent exhibition of their deserts, and an exciting portraiture of their grievances, by a talented and ingenious factionist. Will their love of country overcome the promptings of selfishness, and the keen and bitter sting of disappointment? Will they literally surrender the means of redress in their hands, and trust to cold charity for bread, and the tardy justice of their country for remuneration? Oh, it is more than human, it is God-like! The drum beats; the line is formed; the flag of

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independence is advanced to the front; the officers, with uncovered heads, bid their men a silent farewell; filing off, they pile up their arms in silence, and with clasped hands and averted eyes, are dismissed, each to his own way! Is there aught in Grecian or Roman story, in ancient or modern revolutions, that can equal this last act of our veteran fathers in magnanimity and patriotism?

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle
As a libation;

Ye matin worshipers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye!
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high;

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tesselate,
With numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create;

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer;

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Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir, the winds and waves; its organ, thunder;
Its dome, the sky;

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God;

Your voiceless lips of flowers are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours!
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
The human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

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Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructions hoary
To such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
A second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

A LESSON OF CONTENTMENT.

EVERY man in difficulty, poverty, or despondency, should think, when at the verge of utter despair, that there are others in the world, worse off than himself, who are happy and contented. A striking illustration of this fact occurred to a poor friend of ours, a few months since.

"I was," said he, "out of business entirely. I had exhausted all methods that were likely to procure me employment. I was walking down Broadway, with a solitary sixpence in my pocket, and hunger gnawing at

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my vitals, in that desperate mood which may be properly termed partial insanity, and in the fullness of my woe was absolutely contemplating suicide, when a collection of people, gathering about the door of a princely mansion, diverted my attention. I beheld a decrepit old man, bent double with age, and so feeble, that two domestics were, with their united strength, aiding his trembling and uncertain steps. He was nearly blind, quite deaf, and, I was told, possessed to a limited extent only of taste and smell. He was taking his customary morning walk.

"This man was the famous millionaire, about whom books have been written, and newspaper paragraphs innumerable concocted.

"I thought," said our friend, "that I, with my single sixpence, was in a glorious situation compared with that of the individual before me; and I went my way with a beaming countenance and a lightened heart, thanking Heaven for the health and strength I then enjoyed, but had despised. I have never despaired since."

We are so unfortunate, that we can not take pleasure in any pursuit, but under the condition of experiencing distress, if it does not succeed, and this may happen with a thousand things, and does happen every hour. He who shall find the secret of enjoying the good, without verging to the opposite evil, has hit the mark for happiness.

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GALILEO.

THIS noted philosopher, mathematician, and astronomer was the son of a Florentine nobleman, and born either at Pisa or at Florence in 1564. The earliest subjects of his studies were poetry, music, and drawing; but his genius soon led him to the cultivation of sublimer sciences. Conceiving an unconquerable dislike to the medical profession, he quitted it for the study of the mathematics, in which he made rapid progress. In 1609, having heard that Jansen, a Dutchman, had invented a glass by means of which distant objects appeared near, he, by his own study, discovered the construction of the instrument, and the next day made such an instrument, by which he established his claim to being the second inventor of the telescope.

He died in 1642, in his seventy-eighth year. On a hill near Florence may still be seen, surmounting a farm-house, the ivy-covered tower from which he made those observations on the planetary bodies, and drew those deductions from their motions which, though they sealed his eyes in darkness, yet shed an inextinguishable light on the true theory of the solar system. Farther on is the house in which he was imprisoned by the tribunal of the Inquisition, on account of the new truths concerning astronomical science which he unfolded, and from which he was only liberated to insist in opposition to the bigotry and superstition of the age, that the world turned on its axis notwithstanding.

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REWARD OF VIRTUE AND INDUSTRY.

THE subject of this sketch, General John A. Dix, was born in Boscawen, in the State of New Hampshire, on the 24th of July, 1798. His paternal grandfather was a captain in the Revolutionary war, and served with distinction in that contest. His maternal grandfather was also a captain in the same service, and lost his life in the ill-fated enterprise of General Montgomery against Quebec.

His father, Lieutenant-colonel Timothy Dix, was a resident of Boscawen, and is remembered in New Hampshire as an active, enterprising, liberal, and enlightened citizen, and distinguished for his gentlemanly bearing and honorable character.

The subject of this memoir was sent at a very early age to Salisbury Academy, and afterward to Exeter Academy, in New Hampshire, in which he passed a year under the celebrated Dr. Abbot, and was a fellow-student of Sparks, Palfrey, the Buckministers, the Peabodys, and the other young men who have since become distinguished for their literary and scientific acquirements. Early in 1811 he was sent to a French college in Montreal, and returned to the United States in July, 1812, all citizens of the United States over fourteen years of age having been ordered to leave Canada, or take the oath of allegiance. During the ensuing summer, he pursued his studies in Boston, and in Decem-

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ber, 1812, he was appointed a cadet in the army. The following is an extract of a letter from his father, inclosing his appointment:

BALTIMORE, *Dec.* 14, 1812.

"MY DEAR SON: You will find herein an appointment which will doubtless be gratifying to you. I must however caution you against being too much gratified. I really have many doubts whether it will or will not eventually be for your advantage.

"You will not by any means suffer it to interrupt your literary pursuits. In fact, my dear son, you must double your diligence, and the zeal of your exertions for useful knowledge must be limited only by a regard for your health."

Soon after this letter was sent, another was received by Mr. Dix, ordering him to Baltimore, where he officiated as an assistant clerk to his father in the recruiting service, and at the same time pursued his studies at St. Mary's College. In March, 1813, while on a visit to Washington, General Armstrong, who had then succeeded Dr. Eustis in the war department, offered him, unsolicited, the appointment of ensign, if he preferred joining the army on the frontiers instead of going to West Point. He chose the former destination, and marched with his father's command to Sackett's Harbor. He was not then fifteen years of age, had mastered the French and Spanish languages, the former of which he spoke with fluency; was a good Latin and Greek scholar, and had a respectable knowledge of mathematics.

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In June, 1813, he was appointed acting adjutant of an independent battalion, consisting of nine companies, commanded by Major Upham. He was still less than fifteen years of age. He descended the St. Lawrence, participated in the perils and hardships of that unfortunate expedition, but, after his father's death, he was compelled to return for some months to his home to save something, if possible, from the wreck of his father's affairs, which had become totally, and as it proved hopelessly, disordered in their absence in the service of their country.

Mr. Dix was then but little more than fifteen years of age, and his situation was one of great embarrassment and difficulty. He had lost his father, by whose prudent counsels he had been guided, and with his mother and her nine children—all but two younger than himself—he was thrown, with nothing but his commission in the army, upon the world. He was transferred to the artillery, and served for some years in the staff of Colonel Walbach, one of the most gallant men and best disciplinarians in the army, who had been with his father in his last hours.

On the restoration of peace, he commenced a diligent course of study in history and classical literature. For several years, while leading a garrison life, he was an indefatigable student. In 1819, he was appointed aid-de-camp to Major-general Brown, when he commenced the study of the law, and devoted to it all his leisure hours, with a view to leave the army. In 1825, he procured a furlough, with a view to resign his commis-

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sion, and went to the city of New York to commence the practice of the law; but his health having become seriously impaired, from his severe application, he was compelled to abandon his intention for the time, and to take a voyage to Cuba, where he passed the winter. The next year, under the same necessity, he made a voyage to Europe, and passed the summer in traveling. His health being gradually restored, he resigned his commission in 1828, and established himself in Cooperstown, Otsego county, where he commenced the practice of law.

From fifteen to twenty-seven years of age, Mr. Dix, though left entirely without private means, with an unfinished education, and with nothing but the good principles and habits of early application acquired under the tutelage of his exemplary father, was not only never assisted by any one, but by the most rigid economy he was enabled to save something from the limited income derived from his commission in the army, for the assistance of others who were in some degree dependent on him. What he has accomplished is literally the work of his own unassisted and untiring industry. Such examples are worthy of imitation.

In 1820, he received an honorary degree of master of arts, from Brown University, in Rhode Island, and in 1845, an honorary degree of doctor of laws, from Geneva College, in the State of New York.

In 1831, he accepted the appointment of adjutant-general under Governor Throop, and removed to Albany. His administration of the military department of

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the state is remembered by the officers of that day as one which infused life and vigor into the militia system.

In 1833, he was appointed secretary of state. His administration of the common school system was marked by several improvements, made at his suggestion. The establishment of common school libraries, which was originally suggested by the late Mr. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, was recommended by him to the legislature, and an act passed in conformity to his suggestion. In 1835 and 1836, he devoted all the time he could spare from his official duties, to prepare reports of the decisions of the superintendent of common schools, from the foundation of the system. He was offered a large sum by a bookseller, for the copyright. He declined it, and sent a communication to the legislature, informing them of what he had done, and placing the result of his labors at their disposal, if they thought it would be useful. The reports were published by order of the legislature, and distributed to the common schools throughout the state, and had a most beneficial effect in bringing about an amicable adjustment of controversies. Besides this labor, voluntarily undertaken for the benefit of the common schools, he expended several hundred dollars from his own private means, which he has never asked the legislature to refund. As a regent of the University, he made an elaborate report on the education of teachers. The legislature ordered twenty thousand copies to be printed for distribution, and his plan is the basis of the system of instruction now in operation in New York.

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As secretary of state he was called on for a report of a plan for a geological survey of the state. He made an elaborate report in 1836. The committee of ways and means of that year wished to make an appropriation of several hundred dollars, to compensate him for his extra services. But when the proposition came before the assembly, a friend, at his request, rose in his place and declined it in his name.

In 1841, Mr. Dix was elected a member of the assembly from the county of Albany, and took an active part in the regular session of 1842, in the financial measures introduced by Mr. Hoffman to sustain the credit of the state by taxation, and to pay off the state debt.

At the extra session of that year, called to divide the state into congress districts, Mr. Dix took an active part as a member of the committee to which the subject was referred, in executing the act of Congress. A large number of the ablest men in the assembly were in favor of setting that act at defiance. Mr. Dix took the opposite ground, and supported his position by two speeches in favor of districting the state in such a manner as not to violate the law, but protesting against the interference of Congress as unnecessary and unauthorized. The legislature, by a decided vote, sustained him and those who acted with him.

In the fall of 1842, in consequence of the alarming state of Mrs. Dix's health, he left Albany and took a voyage to Madeira, where he passed the winter, and thence went to Spain and Italy.

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When in Europe he was a close observer of the institutions of the old world, and their effects upon the people. He did not fail to notice the superiority of our own. Passing nearly two years abroad, he arrived in New York on the 8th of June, 1844. In January, 1845, he was chosen senator, in the place of Governor Wright. General Dix took his seat on the 27th January, 1845, and on the 30th was appointed a member of the committee on commerce. At the next session he was elected a member of the same committee, and for two sessions was its chairman. His labors on the committee were indefatigable, and most advantageous to the commercial interest. It had long been a cherished object among the commercial men to secure by law the right to convey foreign importations through the country, and export them with the privilege of a drawback. At the commencement of this session Mr. Ashley, of Arkansas, had called the attention of the senate to this subject, so far as it related to the adjacent Mexican states. To secure this object a bill was reported by the committee on commerce, and had passed the senate before Mr. Dix took his seat. The bill was returned from the house, with an amendment extending this privilege to the British North American possessions adjoining the United States. These amendments were vastly more important than the original bill itself, and especially to the state of New York. The bill, as amended, was referred to the committee on commerce on the 22d of February. On the amendments the committee were divided, Mr. Dix sustaining them. Mr. Dix was the

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principal advocate of the amendments, which were finally adopted. But for his defense of them, it is not probable they would have received the favorable consideration of the senate. To his efforts is New York mainly indebted for a measure which is fast swelling the business and income of her canals, and which in time will give her a large portion of the carrying-trade to and from Canada, the value and importance of which are not easily calculated.

Notwithstanding the great value of his services in this matter, the commercial world deem them inferior to those relating to the warehouse bill. No measure of a recent date has proved equally useful to commerce. This bill was introduced in the senate on the 21st of January, 1846, by Mr. Dix, and after varied and persevering opposition, finally passed on the 15th of July. Its defense rested solely upon Mr. Dix, though Mr. Webster and Mr. Calhoun briefly assigned the reasons why they should vote for it. The merit of introducing and carrying this great measure may be safely ascribed to him. Mr. Dix's closing speech on it is a monument of the industry and ability of its author. The warehouse system, as established by law, is daily conferring on commerce and business all the advantages that its friends predicted. New York, the queen city of commerce, feels, and has in various ways acknowledged, her obligations to Mr. Dix for this great and salutary measure.

At the first session of the twenty-ninth Congress Mr. Dix was placed by the senate on the committee of mil-

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itary affairs. His knowledge on military subjects, acquired in the camp, and as aid to General Brown, while the latter was acting as general-in-chief at Washington, and in discharge of his duties as adjutant-general of New York, particularly qualified him for the duties of this committee. By experience he had learned the duties and wants of the regular soldier and volunteer.

The limits of this notice will not permit an enumeration. It is sufficient to say, that to no man in the senate is the army more deeply indebted for the numerous enactments in its favor than to Mr. Dix.

On taking his seat in the senate, Mr. Dix found himself surrounded by high talent and great experience. He was associated with men, many of whom were celebrated at home and abroad for genius and eloquence. This was a trying position for one who had spent but a brief season in a legislative body. But his ample qualifications for his new position were soon clearly developed. He was found always prepared for every question. Like his predecessor, Governor Wright, he never spoke except to the question before the senate. He never participated in debate, except when he had valuable information to impart or essential and pertinent reasons to assign. No senator was listened to with more attention and pleasure. His historical knowledge, and clear perceptions of the law of nations, the purity and force of his style in debate, were strikingly developed in the memorable debate on the Oregon question. This masterly effort placed him at once in the front rank of well-informed statesmen and powerful debaters.

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That exciting topic called out no abler speech, nor one which met with more universal favor, in the senate and among the people. His speeches on the warehouse bill; on the best mode of conducting the war; the New York legislative resolution; the Yucatan bill, as well as others, need only to be referred to, in order to show his readiness, strength, and power in debate, and the influence his opinions had upon the senate and the country.

His voice is remarkably clear, and his enunciation distinct, while his manner is mild and amiable. He avoids personalities, and every thing that can be justly deemed offensive. In the senate he enjoyed universal respect and esteem.

Every call from his constituents received prompt and careful attention. No senator was more constant in his attendance in the senate chamber and committee room. No one performed more labor as a member of a committee.

Though distinguished as a senator, he is sure of no less advantage in private life. His philanthropy and public spirit are properly manifested on all suitable occasions. As a citizen, a father, and a Christian, his example is faultless. As a neighbor, he is kind and conciliatory, ever ready to perform whatever benevolence may dictate. As a friend, he is disinterested and sincere, and faithful almost to a fault. As a husband and a father, he is a pattern which most men may study to advantage, and all may copy without danger. In his dealings, he is liberal and carefully just. Selfishness and ambition form no portion of his character. His manners are unobtrusive, simple, and plain, though not

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devoid of grace and ease. The humblest is soon at his ease in approaching him. Though a favorite in all circles he seems to prefer his own fireside, and the toils of his station to fashionable circles. In his taste and habits he is simple and unostentatious. He does not seek to be a leader in public affairs, or a reformer, to catch the breeze of popular favor. His modest sincerity induces him, in matters of policy, to often doubt his own convictions, and to adopt those of his friends. He prefers to follow rather than to lead public opinion. On questions of principle, when his opinions become fixed, the power of friendship and respect for others seldom, if ever, influence or control him. In such matters he abides the convictions of his judgment. His manner in expressing his difference in matters of opinion is such as to give no offense. Indeed, it is probable Mr. Dix has not a personal enemy in the world. If sincerity and purity of purpose can shield a public man against creating enemies, he will never have one.

Mrs. Dix is the adopted daughter of the late Hon. John J. Morgan, of the city of New York, a most amiable and exemplary lady.

They have an interesting family of four sons and two daughters. By Mr. Morgan's will his large estate became the property of the General's children. It was by the express desire of the latter that he himself was not included in the disposition which was made of it by Mr. Morgan. He repeatedly refused any share in the estate of one whose affections were so completely interwoven with the happiness and welfare of the family.

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ON VISITING THE COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice, and glancing eyes are near,
And ever-restless steps of one who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved, and spread in verdure and in light!

For I have taught her with delighted eye
To gaze upon the mountains; to behold
With deep affection the pure ample sky,
And clouds along the blue abyss that rolled;
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales that sweep the forest's borders bear
The song of bird and sound of running stream,
Have come awhile to wander and to dream.

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Ay, flame thy fiercest sun; thou canst not wake
In this pure air the plague that walks unseen;
The magic leaf and maple bough but take
From thy fierce heats a deeper, glossier green;
The mountain wind, that faints not in the ray,
Sweeps the blue streams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind—most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows—where, in the most sultry time,
He stoops from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime,
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below

STUPENDOUS WATERFALL.

An enterprising traveler who visited Hindostan in 1826, mentions the existence of a waterfall, situated in the district of Darwar, which far exceeds in height the stupendous Niagara of our own country. Dr. Chirtee says, it is situated in the southern Mahratta country, in about latitude 18° north; falling from the river Shervutty into a chasm of the Gauts mountains. Its name is Garsippa. Upon approaching the falls, you emerge from a thick wood, and come suddenly upon the river, gliding gently among confused masses of rock. A few steps more, over huge blocks of granite, bring you to the brink of a fearful chasm, rocky, bare, and black, down into which you look a thousand feet! Over its sides rush the different branches of the river; the largest stretch in *one huge*

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pillar of white foam to the bottom. The waters are, at the bottom, by the force of their fall, projected far out in straight lines; and at some distance below the falls form a thin cloud of white vapor, which rises above the surrounding forest. The sides of the chasm are formed by slanting strata of rock, the regularity of which present a striking contrast to the disorder of the tumultuous waters, the broken, detached masses of stone, and the soft tint of the crowning woods.

The effect of all these objects rushing at once upon the sight is awfully sublime. The spectator is generally forced to retire after the first view of them, in order gradually to familiarize himself with their features, for the feeling which he experiences upon this sudden contemplation amounts almost to pain.

The chasm is somewhat of an elliptical form. At its narrowest and deepest part is the principal fall; and over its sides smaller branches of the river, and little rills are precipitated, and are almost dissipated in spray before they reach the bottom. The width of the river at the precipice does not much exceed fifty or sixty feet, but it contains a very large body of water.

The falls can only be seen from above, for the precipices on both sides of the river admit of no path for descent. The spectator can very easily, and with great safety, look down into the chasm to its very bottom. Some large plates of gneiss project in an inclined position from its edge; so that, by laying himself flat upon one of these, he can stretch his head considerably beyond the brink of the precipice.

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THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

Ah, perishing earth!
How glorious is thy light to the young heart
In its first joyous dream; how full of love,
Deep, sinless love, without a breath of falsehood
To waste its sweet enchantment! Not a voice
Speaks in the future, but it brings delight,
Like the wild breathings of Æolian harps,
When beautiful nature wears her holiest smile,
And the soft moonbeams slumber on the rose.
Oh, visions full of bliss! how the young soul,
Unpracticed in the bitterness of change,
And utterly a stranger to the cold
And blighting touch of sorrow, gathers up
Fond promises of paradise below!
Ah, then, how hard to die! How can the warm,
Quick current of the veins grow cold and chill
Around the trusting heart! How can the young
And earnest eye, so ravished with the charms
Of bright and happy images, grow dull,
And close its drooping lid forever! Ay,
And the quick, joyous ear, how can it hear
The pleasant songs of earth no more!
To breathe
The last sad parting word, to feel the last
Soft pressure of the hand we love, and know
The cherished body soon will be a cold
And fearful thing, e'en to our dearest friends;
That soon the solemn hearse will bear us hence,

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From the warm bosom of the abodes of life,
To the drear city of the dead!—alas,
The soon forgotten dead!—there to be left—
Companion to the worm and moldering clod;
Our name soon blotted out from memory's page—
Ah, is not this a startling, dreadful thought
To buoyant, happy youth? But to the soul
That looks to Calvary—that lays its hopes
Low at the precious Cross, the scene is changed.
The earth may look as beautiful, but heaven
Outshines its utmost glories; happy dreams
Of life's delightful day may be as sweet,
But Paradise unfolds far sweeter scenes
To charm the ransomed soul. The loved
Of earth are held as dotingly; but lo! a clime
Where holiest friendship dwells, and loved ones meet
To part no more forever! The cold grave
May wear as dark a gloom, and thought may shrink
As mournfully from the dark, shivering touch
Of sad forgetfulness; but lo! a beam
Of overwhelming glory lights the tomb
With everlasting day! The sleeper wakes,
And high in realms of blessedness he finds
His name enrolled by Heaven's eternal pen
In the Lamb's book of life—ah! never more
To be *forgotten* through eternity.
Then the young Christian, though his years are few,
And the sweet morn of life unfolds to sight
The promise of a radiant day, can look
Into the dreary grave with holy joy,
And shut his eyes forever on the world
And all his earthly hopes, with songs of peace
And blessedness ineffable

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TOUCH US GENTLY, TIME.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

This beautiful prayer must have been breathed by Barry Cornwall's heart, while sitting at his quiet fireside, looking upon the face of his sweet wife, and rocking the cradle of his golden-tressed Adelaide:

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide down thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a pleasant dream!
Humble voyagers are we—
Husband, wife, and children three—
One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim, unbounded sea,
Seeking only peaceful climes;
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

THE END.

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